THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

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VIEW FROM BEACON HOUSE AUG. 23d

FORT SUMTER, AFTER A WEEK'S BOMBARDMENT.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from an engraving in Frank Leslie's paper, represents Fort Sumter after one week's bombardment. The general accuracy of the sketch is vouched for by Gen. Gilmore himself.

CHANGES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I trod the spots my childhood loved,
But time has their best charm destroyed;
The trees, the flowers are all the same,
But where's the spirit that enjoyed?

The heart was young and life was new,
And all its dreamings might be real.
Oh where have those fond visions flown,
And have I found my bright ideal?

Oh for one hour, one little hour,
To feel and wish as then I did,
Ere o'er the fancies of the heart
Experience had shut down the lid.

The future said we should be blessed,
And kept our stores 'neath golden key.
Fame, Wisdom, Love in trust she held:
Could she such faithless guardian be?

But idle 'tis to muse on all
That should be true, and has been vain;
But if our joys for aye are fled,
We cannot live our woes again.

Oh! happy children who yet stand
Upon the threshold of this life,
And view through Hope's deceptive glass,
The banners of the far-off strife.

Ye think 'twould be a glorious thing
To greatly struggle and o'ercome;
To win a name that shall not die,
Ere yet ye seek your narrow home.

Fools! dreamers all! your dreams are old;
They have been dreamed since time began;
The generous, warm enthusiast,
Lives in each cold and world-worn man.

Oh! grand imaginings of good,
Oh! high resolves and wishes fond;
Shall your pale spectres greet us in
The land that lieth this beyond?

Shall all we vainly hoped to do
Be written on Heaven's tablets fair?
Shall we our clayey models see
Wrought into glorious statues there.

Oh! ye whose footsteps careless stray
Round the grim citadel of Truth,
Within whose dungeons yet shall lie
The groaning wrecks of your glad youth—

Ye too must come to muse and grieve,
O'er the fair places ye are leaving,
And most to weep, that ye have lost
The blessed boon of still believing.

☞ Mr. Popp, of Poppville, in Popp county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady-love, "popped the question" to her under the poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door, to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

☞ Odd Saying.—It was a common saying with an old magistrate, that children, while young, make our arms ache, and when old, make our hearts ache.

A MOMENT'S IMPULSE.

I.

If the reader has ever visited Shingleton during the bathing season, he will remember Captain Lefever; or if the mention of that name fails to bring out any picture on his memory, he will at least be probably able to recall to mind the mysterious cause of so much gossip and speculation, who lived in a white cottage on the verge of the cliff, about a mile to the north of the village.

Captain Lefever has lately died, at the age of eighty-five; but up to the last, Time was unable to bend his towering head, or wither his stalwart frame. His proportions, indeed, were almost gigantic, being six feet four in height, and yet of such breadth and depth, that he did not strike the eye so much as a tall as a fine and powerful man. His hair, bushy eyebrows, moustache, and whiskers, were silver white, his forehead and mouth furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes keen as a hawk's, deep set in his head; altogether his appearance was calculated to attract notice anywhere; even in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, your eye would have been arrested by his form, and you would have said: "What a splendid old man!" For we always feel an interest in one who seems to be making a good fight of it with the common enemy of all of us—Time.

That I alone succeeded in breaking through this barrier which fenced him in from the rest of the world, that I gained his friendship, and heard from his own lips the story which he afterwards gave me in writing, and which, now that he has gone, I have no hesitation in publishing, was owing to the merest accident. I was out sailing alone one calm sleepy day in a small and rather crank boat, when a sudden gust took me while I was drawing the cork of a bottle of porter; and before I could let go the sail, or catch hold of the tiller, I found myself in the water, striking out instinctively for the shore, which was some seven miles distant. It is said by Fontenelle and others that death by drowning is a pleasant sensation, but if this is a fact, the delight is dearly purchased by the sufferings of the previous struggle. When I had swum about three miles, I was done, and should soon have been let into that secret, as well as several others, if I had not been picked up by Captain Lefever, who was constantly cruising about in a small lugger he had, and who, seeing the capsize, had hastened to my assistance.

A man always feels drawn towards one whose life he has saved, and it was by this accident that I got admitted to a friendship which soon became exceedingly intimate, considering the disparity between our ages. We were drawn still closer together by the passion for sailing and sea-fishing which we shared, and which led us to spend whole days together, alone, bounding through the spray, or floating calmly on the undulating water. It was one still bright afternoon, as we lay at anchor in the bay with our lines out, that the conversation insensibly approached the subject of his life, and the cause of his seclusion; and when he had once begun to speak upon these topics, the words flowed from him in a torrent, which showed what a relief to him was the utterance of thoughts over which he had so long brooded in silence.

This was the substance of his story.

II.

London was lighted with oil, and street-outrages were too common to make much fuss in the newspapers; gentlemen wore pumps, swallow-tailed coats with buttons between the shoulder-blades, and sheets rolled round and round their throats by way of neck-ties; female babies were never short-coated, but retained through life the garments of infancy: it was towards the end of the last century, in short, that Mr. Trevor sat one evening with his wife and daughter in the drawing-room of a house in Russel Square. Mr. Trevor was a man of fifty, a merchant, one who, whatever time he might go to bed, made it a rule "early to rise," and was certainly "healthy, wealthy, and—at all events in all matters connected with mercantile affairs—wise." But there was a cloud upon his brow this evening, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon a newspaper which he saw not. Mrs. Trevor, a buxom, sweet-faced lady, some five years his junior, sat opposite, her fingers busy with tambour-work, and her eyes glancing up anxiously now and then at her husband's face. Laura Trevor, a charming girl of eighteen, was seated at the table, painting butterflies on a hand-screen, an employment which, by causing her to bend her head forwards, would have enabled any one standing opposite to observe the delicious effect of her long black eyelashes upon her soft peach cheeks.

There was evidently a gloom over the party, all of whom kept for sometime a silence, which Mrs. Trevor was the first to break.

"And there is no news of him?" she asked her husband.

"None," replied Mr. Trevor, laying down the paper.

"This Bow street runner whom you employed, and who gave us such hopes—"

"Was mistaken; got upon a wrong scent. It seems that there are other fathers cursed with undutiful sons, and the young man he traced was not our William."

There was a pause. "I did hope," said Mrs. Trevor at length, "that the announcement of his sister's marriage would have brought some word from him; he was always so fond of Laura."

The girl said nothing, but without raising her head, continued her occupation. Presently, a large drop fell on the wing of a butterfly, and spoiled the labor of an hour.

It was a sad story, not, alas! a strange one. A wealthy, industrious, indulgent father; a spendthrift, idle, spoiled son. Spoiled? Well, I do not know; there are so many cant phrases in circulation, which always turn up on such occasions. If a scapegrace is kindly treated in childhood, the parents have "pickled a rod for their own backs." If they had been strict with him: "It's bad to keep the bow always bent;" "Severity begets hypocrisy;" "The poor young man was driven away from his home," &c. If he has been brought up at public school: "What could the parents expect, after having exposed him to temptation at so early an age?" If, on the contrary, he has been educated by a private tutor: "A young man is sure to go wrong if he is plunged into the world at an age when all his passions are ripe, without any previous experience or training; it is better to let him mix as a boy with other boys; no greater mistake than to make him a greenhorn and a milksop; such are always the worst when at last they do break out."

Take a clique of fast young men, whose vices are a source of sorrow to their friends, and confer separately with the parents of each individual member; I will wager a dinner at Greenwich to a red herring, that they will tell you that their particular son "got into bad company," and "was led away by the rest." And yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scamp has plotted, and intrigued, and taken infinite pains to gain admission into the "set" with whom he has trod the paths that lead to grief. A proselyting spirit is by no means common among the fashionably dissipated, and when a man goes wrong, he does so mostly because he prefers it to going right; temptation comes from within rather than from without.

I will not say, then, that William Trevor's misdeeds were attributable to the early indulgence of his parents; if the human heart can be actually hardened by kindness, man must be lower than the dog. I would rather consider that it was *in spite of* the love of his father, mother, and sister that he turned out so badly. A fine, handsome fellow was young Trevor, with a broad, open brow, a pleasant smile, a frank, captivating manner, but selfish, heartless, unprincipled, and extravagant to such a degree that it seemed a madness. Twice had the father paid his debts; but if Mr. Trevor was indulgent, he was also just, and would not allow the fortune in which his other child had a share to be squandered in the support of infamy. He had at first thought that the boy was "having his fling," "sowing his wild oats," and hoped that he would soon settle down and reform. But, alas! William Trevor was not merely thoughtless and fond of pleasure; he was vicious to the core, and sank daily deeper in the slough of debauch and shamelessness. Then came more earnest applications for money, refusal on his father's part to give him a penny beyond his allowance, high words, open rupture; then a short period of mean shift and positive distress; pretended repentance, and the prodigal-son business; relapse and flight from the paternal dwelling, accompanied with *crime*—yes, crime, for it was in vain that the broken-hearted parents tried to persuade themselves that they had taught their son to look upon what was theirs almost as his own; their reason dinned the word theft! theft! theft! into their throbbing brain. It was now three months since they had heard anything of him, and Mr. Trevor feared the worst, never taking up a newspaper without a shudder lest he should see indelible disgrace in its columns, for why should his son stop at a first robbery? He had taken every possible secret means to gain some tidings of the fugitive, for the purpose of rescuing him perforce from the career which lay before him, but hitherto without success.

The subject which had engaged the silent meditations of each having been once broached, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor talked freely upon it; speculating, planning, and hoping, until their hopes were diverted into another channel by the arrival of Captain Lefever, the day of whose marriage with Laura was fixed. Clergymen are the only people who voluntarily wear any distinctive costume when off duty now-a-days; and *they* are beginning to slip into black ties and wide-awakes, whenever they can do so without exciting remark; but in the last century you could tell your sovereign, your sweep, your lawyer, butcher, baker, highwayman, or physician, by their dress at sight; and so Captain Lefever was in uniform, which must have been immensely to his advantage in his love affairs, the military costume of the period, tight and inconvenient though it was, being far less unsightly than the civil. There was a cloud on his brow when he entered the room, not at all consistent with the character of an ardent lover, whose hopes were on the eve of realization; and, indeed, the first greetings over, he said at once:

"I have bad news for you, or at least for myself. The wedding must be put off."

"Put off!"

"Yes. These Irish riots are of a more serious character than was at first supposed; the whole country is up, and the few troops over there will have enough to do."

"But I thought that you were fixed here on the recruiting service?" cried Mrs. Trevor, letting her hands and the tambour-work fall into her lap.

"So I was, and intended to send off a batch of fifty recruits to-morrow, or rather to-night, with Johnson; but as the regiment is at W———, he would have to march through the wildest and most disturbed districts on his way to headquarters; and Johnson, though a good officer enough, is but a lad of eighteen, so I think it better to leave him here, and take them myself. It is a great nuisance, but it cannot be helped; can it, sir?"

"No, Lefever; you are quite right—you must go. Come, come, Laura, don't cry. He will be back presently; it is only deferring the marriage for a few weeks."

"Oh, papa, those horrid Irish! I am sure he will be getting killed or something."

"Killed! Ha, ha, ha—killed!" laughed Lefever with genuine mirth. "That would be an ignominious death—something like being drowned in a gutter, or run over by a donkey-cart. Come, Laura, your fears are absurd. Ten soldiers are good against a thousand of this undisciplined rabble. There is no personal danger; but a good deal of activity and vigilance will be required to keep these lads, who are all recruits, together. Many of them are of Irish extraction, might be enticed by their friends or relations to desert; or if they straggled from the main body, or got intoxicated, they might be murdered in detail. That is why I am going—not for fear of seeming to shirk 'active service,' for, as for, any idea of *danger*, it is simply ridiculous; unless, indeed, you fear that I should succumb to the sea-sickness while crossing, and of this I own that I stand in considerable trepidation, for I am a miserable sailor. Have you heard anything, sir, upon the subject which—which—"

Mr. Trevor shook his head sadly.

"Ah, well, well," cried Captain Lefever, who was acquainted with the fact of William Trevor's disappearance, but knew nothing at that time of the disgraceful circumstances which he afterwards learned had attended his flight; "he will turn up some day when you least expect him. He has been making the guineas fly, and is too high-spirited to come home and eat humble pie, and I like him the better for it. Depend upon it, he is longing to be here all the time."

So he chatted on, striving to cheer them up, for several hours, and then looking at his watch, he suddenly started up, and cried: "We are to drop down with the tide, so I must be on board by one!"

A kiss, a blessing, a shake of the hand, and he was gone.

III.

The sober hues of evening were fast deepening into the shadows of night around a "mosted grange" in the west of Ireland. It was rather an imposing mansion for that part of the country, two-storied, and strongly built; indeed, to a Saxon eye, it seemed, in spite of its broken windows and dilapidated roof, to be the only habitable house for miles and miles round, which was, I suppose, sufficient reason in Paddyland why it should not be inhabited. The trench which surrounded it was broad and deep, but in most parts dry, and was crossed by a rather solid bridge with stone parapets of sufficient consistence to resist the jar of clumsily guided wagons. This cross between a fort and a farmhouse, built in the time of Cromwell, by some English military agriculturist, one of the early workers at that problem which has not been solved yet—"How to cultivate the land in the midst of a hostile Irish population with an unperforated skin," was planted

in the centre of a broad and fertile valley stationed beside a very respectable road on the right, and in front of the house, was stationed a group of persons, armed one with a hunting piece, another with a blunderbuss, but all carrying some description of firearm. They were evidently on the look-out for something, on first one, and then another head glancing along the road.

"Sure, it is no use our stopping here any longer, like a lot of cats watching a hole with never a mouse in it," said one of the party in Irish. "The soldiers, bad luck to them, never march at night."

"Faith, I wish they did!" cried another; "it's myself would get a quiet safe shot at them in the dark. It's a knack I have got from shooting the ducks, the darlings. Arrah, wouldn't you like to kill a soldier, Larry?"

"Sure!" replied Larry; "it might give a sinner the lift out of purgatory. But there won't be any passing to-night. It is to be in by tattoo, they have, for fear the night air should give them cold. And I'm thinking we will be off now; I'm tired of being a picket for one."

"Hold your audacious tongues there!" cried the leader of the party. "Do you call that discipline? Divil a bit you will stir till I give you leave, and that won't be till it's dark. Sure the captain explained it all to me. Arrah, if Tim there is not smoking his dhudeen! Do you consider that military behavior, you spalpeen?"

"Sure the blunderbuss has never a lock to it, and how would I fire it off, if it was not for the pipe?"

"Here come the red-coats!"

"Sure enough. There's not very many of them."

"About fifty, maybe. They will be passing the night here, I'm thinking. Hooroo! if they had only sent to say they were coming!"

"You would have had a pot of praties and a keg of poteen ready for them, I don't doubt."

"What would you say to a barrel of powder in the cellar, with a bit of lighted tow that would smoulder, smoulder, for a couple of hours, may-be, and then blow them all to glory?"

"Tim, you're a gautsa!" said the leader of the party; "but it is too late for that now. This is the body of recruits expected at W—— that we were to look out for. We must separate. I'll go to the captain; you, Larry, start for the boys at B——; you, Tim— But you all know. Well, off with ye, and meet at the ould place at sunrise."

The party dispersed, and making for the surrounding hills in different directions, quickly disappeared.

In the meantime the detachment, like a red worm, dragged itself slowly through the valley. First, two men; then, at some thirty yards' interval, a party of six, two of whom were non commissioned officers; then, in due course, the main body, jaded, dusty, staggering under the unaccustomed weight of knapsack, musket, and ammunition—several of them with blood-stained handkerchiefs round their heads; and in rear of this body came Lefever, who, with all his exertions—and they had been energetic enough throughout the day, in all conscience—could not entirely keep the half-disciplined lads from falling out of the ranks, so that many stragglers dotted the road behind; and Sergeant Stock, who was the only steady old soldier Lefever had to depend on, and therefore commanded the rear-guard, had enough to do to collect and keep them together, without obliging the main body to halt. The march had been a long one, and all day the little party had been harrassed by clouds of the armed peasantry, who hovered around, ready to satisfy their anti-English feelings upon any straggler who should wander from the main body, and even, when the mountain character of the road favored them, daring to discharge their firearms at the soldiers; and though the nearest approach of the rebels was not within the distance from which their fire could be very effective, it was sufficient to cause several painful though not dangerous contusions, and by the defensive precautions which it obliged them to take, added greatly to the fatigue of the raw troops, and to the anxiety and responsibility of their officer; so glad enough was Lefever when the advanced-guard signalled that the house which had been pointed out by his sergeant, who knew the road well, as a good station for the night, was in sight. Captain Lefever halted his little column, and passing to the front, crossed the bridge, and examined the premises, which he found well suited for his purpose, and completely deserted; whereupon the whole party passed over; and in a few minutes every corner of the old farm-house was alive with soldiers, laughing, singing, cooking, lighting fires, searching for fuel, cleaning their arms, forgetting all their fatigue in the immediate prospect of food and rest.

"Well, Sergeant Stock," said Lefever, when the men were shaking down comfortably, "we could not get through to W—— after all."

"No, sir; it was that having to throw out skirmishers at the Gap delayed us."

"How far are we off now?"

"Not above three hours' march, sir. We shall be in early to-morrow morning."

"Do you think that these fellows will attack us in the night?"

"I should not be surprised, sir; it depends on how strong they are."

"Well, you must form a guard, and pick a sentry on the bridge at once. What sergeant is next for duty?"

"Sergeant Williams; but I should not like to trust him or any other non-commissioned officer; they are nothing but boys. There is not one who ought to be more than a lance-corporal, by rights, but we had no choice. I had better take the guard myself, sir."

But as he said this, Sergeant Stock, whose face had been getting very pale, staggered, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the chimney-piece, the corner of which he clutched. Captain Lefever sprang towards him, got him into a chair, loosened his dress and accoutrements, and called for water.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for making so free," said the punctilious sergeant, when somewhat revived. "It came on all of a sudden. One of them Irish hit me with a spent ball in the chest, and, now I come to be cool, it is rather painful."

On examination, Lefever found a very extensive bruise, with signs of a broken rib; and having applied what rough remedy and bandage his limited resources and skill afforded, ordered the sergeant to get something to eat, and then lie down and rest. He would look to the guard himself, he said.

There was a small outbuilding close to the bridge-head, and this was converted into a guard-room. The sentry was posted on the bridge itself, with these orders: "If any one comes near the bridge, or if you hear noises or see figures hovering about any part of the most, challenge; and if they do not reply, or refuse to go away—this is no time for trifling—fire on them at once; and don't let any one approach you from the outside or the in, unless he can give the parole."

It was nine o'clock when Captain Lefever, having given these directions, returned to the house with a mind by no means devoid of interest in the question what sort of dinner his servant had got ready for him. It was answered satisfactorily: part of a cold fowl, a slice or two of ham, a good hunch of bread, the whole washed down by cold brandy and water, formed no despicable meal. It is true that, when nothing remained but a greasy newspaper and an empty flask, he felt quite equal to beginning again; however, as there were no means of doing this, he took out his note-book, and wrote up his report to that time, and then rolling himself up in his cloak, he lay down on the floor.

The laughing and talking gradually died off, as the weary soldiers settled themselves down one after another for the night; and by a little after ten, all was as still as though the owl and the bat had been the only tenants of the grange. The sentry was to be relieved at eleven, and at five minutes to that hour Captain Lefever, not daring to trust anything to the raw boy to whom the exigencies of the case had obliged him to give command of the guard, went down to the bridge-head, and called him out. He came, his eyes full of sleep to an extent which justified his officer's anxiety.

"Sergeant Williams," said the captain, "it is important that the sentry who is on for the next two hours should be particularly on the alert: if any attack is made upon us, it will be between twelve and one. Which is your smartest man?"

"John Smith, sir."

"What! That fellow who has been twice reported to me already for drunkenness and impertinence?"

"Yes, sir; he is an owdacious varmint, but as sharp as a needle. He writes beautifully, and his hands have never done any hard work. I think he must have been a pickpocket, or something genteel of that sort."

"Hum!" said the captain, not oversatisfied. "Well, relieve the other sentry; it is eleven o'clock. I will speak to this John Smith myself."

The sergeant entered the guard-room; and Captain Lefever, remaining outside in the dark, was made sensible of the incomplete discipline of his recruits in a startling manner, for the disturbance and confusion incident to the awakening of Private John Smith, and the denunciations of that insubordinate young man on being disturbed in his slumbers, were exceedingly disgusting to the disciplinarian, who was not supposed to be within hearing.

"Never mind," said Smith, by way of climax, to some comrade who bantered him on his unwillingness to rouse out; "it's a warm night, and I'll finish my nap on the bridge." And shouldering his musket, he stepped out after the sergeant.

When he was left alone on his post, Captain Lefever stepped up to him, made him halt and port his arms, and said:

"I heard your remark just now, Smith; but as it was of course made in jest, and not intended to reach my ears, I shall take no notice of it further than to inform you that the punishment of a sentry found sleeping on his post is death, and that under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, I should feel no hesitation in taking the law into my own hands, and shooting the culprit on the spot. But I am sure that it is unnecessary for me to say this. All our lives are in your hands. If three rebels, who swarm around us, could once steal past you, they might cut all our throats in our sleep. This is the most important watch of the four, as any attack is most likely to be made shortly after midnight; and I have selected you for it as being evidently a man of sharper faculties and better grain than your comrades. You have only to keep your wits about you for two hours, and then you will be relieved. Shoulder arms."

Captain Lefever returned to the house, and wrapping himself once more in his cloak, lay down, and tried to snatch an hour of that repose of which he stood in considerable need, for, indeed, his fatigues that day had been greater than those of any of the party under his command, except, perhaps, Sergeant Stock. But he could not rest; the responsibility of his position, the fact of all those lives being under his care, the rawness of his recruits, which might cause them to become panic-struck and helpless in the alarm of a night-attack, kept him feverish and uneasy. Suppose the sentry should be overpowered by sleep! Suppose—

He could stand it no longer, so he rose and once more stepped out into the night, and advanced towards the spot on which his anxieties were centered. There was no moon, but the stars were very brilliant, and by their light he could plainly distinguish several dark forms moving about on the other side of the most. What could the sentry have been about, that he had not made them out, and given the alarm? He stepped upon the bridge, but no one challenged him, and a figure which was just visible stealing towards him from the other side, fled into the night at his approach. Where was the sentry? He soon found him. Smith, leaning his musket against the wall, had settled himself comfortably down at full length upon the parapet; and there he lay, sound asleep. Suspecting treachery, carried away by passion, without giving himself a moment's time for reflection, Captain Lefever drew a pistol from his girdle, placed the muzzle at the sleeping man's head, and pressed the trigger. A loud report awoke the echoes of the night, a bright flash dissipated for a moment its darkness, and the body of the soldier rolled over and fell heavily into the most beneath—a corpse.

"Sergeant Williams!" said Captain Lefever, as the guard, alarmed by the shot came tumbling out, "place another sentry on the bridge. This man went to sleep, and I have shot him; and keep a sharper look-out yourself. Another five minutes, and the rebels would have been in the place." And he strode sternly back to the house.

Very little inclination to drowsiness had the next sentry, and, indeed, Sergeant Williams and the remainder of his astonished guard showed a remarkable vigilance during the rest of the night; but the rebels made no further attempt to enter their position, and when the day dawned, there was not a figure to be seen on the plain surrounding the grange. Captain Lefever, crushed with fatigue, and confident that there would be no further need of his surveillance, slept soundly, in spite of the stern deed he had committed, until he was aroused by the drums beating the *reveille*.

The report of the pistol in the dead of the night had aroused Sergeant Stock, who, on learning what had happened, quickly awoke two or three men, and going down with them to the most, drew the body out of the sludge where it had fallen, and buried it as well as they were able in a dry place; and the impression made upon the young soldiers was strong when, on assembling in the early morning, they found a grave where they had left a comrade.

Captain Lefever paraded his men previous to marching out of the grange, and observed a sullen look upon their faces which he had never seen before. One man carried two muskets, another a second knapsack; but he made no remark upon this, only set his lips firmly together, and spoke in a harsher tone than was his wont; only his heart sank within him. They were unmolested during their march to W——, and there was nothing to distract his thoughts, which were gloomy and remorseful. It was a fearful thing to have sent an erring fellow-creature unwarned, without a moment for repentance, without time to utter a single cry for pardon, in his sleep, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of his Judge. The words, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," rang in Captain Lefever's ears throughout that morning, and he had a presentiment that he had drawn down evil upon his head; and this presentiment was just. Though his brother officers—some of whom looked grave at first—were unaltered in their manner towards him, and though the court-martial which he demanded entirely exonerated him from blame, the evil came; for in the course of that court-martial the fact was brought to light, that the wretched man whom he had so ruthlessly put to death, and who had enlisted under the name of John Smith, was none other than William Trevor, the erring brother of his Laura!

How the dreadful tidings were conveyed to the parents and sister, whether Laura Trevor recovered from the shock, and married another man, or died young, or lived single, an unwedded widow, I know not, I doubt if Captain Lefever ever knew; for on learning the truth, he was struck down by a brain fever, on his recovery from which a permanent melancholy settled on him. He sold out, and attendant only by his servant, who was much attached to him, and whose discharge he purchased, wandered purposeless through the country, till at last he settled down in what was then a lonely cottage on a barren cliff, his career cut short, his hopes of happiness blighted. Indeed, I believe that it was a morbid dread lest his line of life should even by the vaguest report touch that of hers from whom he was so fatally, so eternally severed, which led him to banish himself from mankind so utterly as he did; for his servant, old John Dobbs, tells me that during the many years that they lived at Shingleton, a newspaper was never allowed to come into the house, nor did his master ever receive a letter.

My poor old friend has gone at last, and it is a satisfaction to me to know that my friendship soothed the close of the long life of penance which he imposed upon himself in expiation of a Moment's Impulse.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 19, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Briefs of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

MILITARY INSTRUCTION.

We are glad to learn that a course of military instruction has been established in the University of Pennsylvania. This will not only embrace the usual drill, but instruction in the higher departments of military theory and art—such as the elements of military law, the manner of attacking and erecting fortifications, and the study of projectiles. Professor Coppee has been placed at the head of this new department of study.

All this is very good, and the introduction of the common drill into the public schools would be equally beneficial. The boys could not only well spare three or four hours a week for such instruction, but they would be apt to be positive gainers by it even so far as their studies were concerned. Besides, it would give us a nation of citizen soldiers, and improve the bodily conformation and physical deportment of the whole people.

The principal expense attendant on the drill, would be the purchase of muskets and cartridge-boxes of a suitable size for the pupils. These should not be sham affairs, but be suitable for loading and firing, including occasional target practice. No doubt the City Councils would willingly vote the necessary appropriations for these purposes.—As to the uniform and cap, parents could just as well dress their boys in the simple uniform prescribed, as in any other dress.—Of course those who did not wish their sons to drill, should have their wishes respected.

Will not the Controllers of the Public Schools of this city take some action upon this subject? Teachers of the drill could be readily procured among the many disabled soldiers now among us, and their terms would not be exorbitant.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.

If the following be true, and it would seem to be so, the magnetic telegraph has already been developed to a marvellous extent:—

The Abbe Casselli's recent invention, the pantelegraph, is described as one of the greatest scientific wonders of the present day. A despatch written at Paris is reproduced at Marseilles without the assistance of any clerk, with the most rigorous fidelity, as is also a portrait sketch or drawing of any kind. The Empress has lately had her likeness telegraphed to some friends in the provinces, and recently the inventor telegraphed a painting of a full blown rose from the Observatory to the bureau of the telegraphic administration. The petals were of a beautiful pink color, and the leaves of an equally good green—in short, were exactly like the tints of the original. Rossini also telegraphed to Marseilles by this apparatus a melody which he improvised in honor of the inventor.

AMUSING MILITARY NOTICE.—The following appeared one day last week among the military advertisements of the *Inquirer* of this city. There seem to be some mad wags in the service:—

HYMENIAL DEPARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1863.—Special Orders No. 27.—The following named officer is officially announced as having been transferred to the Married Corps of the army:—

CAPTAIN SAMUEL T. LLOYD,
One-hundred-and-twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers.
By command of
Major-General CUPID.

Alas! Poor Lloyd! I knew him well, Horatio; A fellow of infinite jest and touching pathos.

"And touching pathos"—why not "of most excellent humor," as Hamlet has it?

VERY GOOD.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*, in alluding to the fact that the Mexican occupation is not popular among the common people of France, and with the liberal party, gives the following amusing anecdote:—

Last Saturday a cantata was sung at the Grand Opera, by Mdlle. Sax, who represented France giving, with her flag, liberty to Mexico, who was on that occasion a woman with a common-colored complexion. After chanting a strophe in honor of liberty, the former threw her arms around the sorry-looking *protege*. Thereupon a *blouse* in the balcon called out,—"*Take care and don't strangle her!*" The whole house took up the cry, and it became so general that the police did not, I understand, think it well to invite any member of the noisy assemblage to keep quiet. When the same *artiste* sang "Amour sacre de la patrie," which was introduced into her address to Mexico, the *blouses*, I am told, pretended to misunderstand its application, and shouted "Vive la Pologne! A bas les envahisseurs!"

"Take care and don't *strangle* her"—no comment could have been better than that. It is precisely what Louis Napoleon would like to do.

ENGLAND REALLY WAKING.

We judge from a recent article in the London Times, that John Bull is at last actually waking up to a perception of where his doctrine relative to building vessels of war for belligerents will lead.

He begins now to see that there will not be the least occasion for Americans to right their wrongs by declaring war against England. No, indeed, we would not be guilty of thus disturbing the peace of the world. All we will do is to wait quietly until England gets into some war or other—big or little, it matters not—and then we will declare not war, but a very active *neutrality*.

Oh, the poor English commerce, where will it be at the end of three years of such *neutrality*? Then, if the English government does not relish its own doctrine, and chooses to declare war against us, of course we shall be the meek, innocent lamb, and she the wolf that will insist on quarrelling with us.

☞ Miss Anne Adelaide Proctor is in a decline. Her father, Barry Cornwall, now in his 76th year, has commenced writing his memoirs. He has been personally acquainted with more literary men than any one now living in England.

☞ At one of the last balls of the Paris season the Empress wore eight hundred bunches of violets on her dress—each violet containing diamonds to represent dew-drops.

☞ Any drafted man who is an experienced marksman, and can prove upon affidavit, that he has made five consecutive shots, not exceeding 35 inches, with a target rifle, distance 200 yards, at least, will be admitted to Berdan's Sharpshooting regiment. This is according to the regulation of the War Department, and is an excellent chance for some of the conscripts.

☞ A mercantile firm in San Francisco got quite indignant not long since, because one of the daily papers made a slight error in the advertisement of the firm in question—the card reading, Messrs. So-and So, "*importers* and dealers" in such-and-such. One of the *s*'s in the italicized word should have been an *r*.

☞ It is understood that the prize-money of the navy amounts to $30,000,000. Most of this sum will come directly or indirectly from British pockets. Of this, few will be disposed to complain. There have been numerous heavy failures in England from this cause, and more will inevitably follow.

☞ HOW IT HAPPENS.—One fruitful source of discontent and one great bar of enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comparing one's life with the life of others; utterly ignoring the fact that every person has an *inner* as well as an *outer* life; or, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, "that every heart knoweth its own bitterness." How often is the remark made by superficial observers, "How happy such and such persons must be! if I were only *they!*" when, ten to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth and position, are weary and heart sore with the din and battle of life.

☞ Dyspepsia is said to be the remorse of a guilty stomach.

☞ CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?

☞ "Mamma, mamma," cried a little one whose early hour of retirement had not permitted much study of the starry heavens, "here is the moon come, and brought a night of little babies with her!"

☞ COSTLY.—At a late sale of autographs in Paris, a rag of yellow paper was sold for 500 francs. It was a note written and signed by Martin Luther, and dated 1534.

☞ The Hampshire papers record the death of Jane Hoskins, of Romsey, who was one hundred and nine years old. She was twice married—first to a hawker, and secondly to a wood-cutter. She enjoyed throughout life good health, and her death resulted simply from decay. She was a smoker of tobacco.

A DUMMY WIFE.

An English writer, who has been travelling through Algeria, gives the following account of a singular addition to the harem of an Arab chieftain:

They have a legend at Constantina tending to show that Arabs cannot always abstain from looking into shop windows. When the Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-ben Dejallah retired at Tuggurt, in the region of the Wed Rirh, he was in the habit of sending a messenger occasionally to Constantina, (then recently occupied by the French) to make purchases and collect news. In the process of time he remarked that, however the accounts of his informants might vary in other particulars about the city, they all agreed on one point, viz: that there was in a certain street in Constantina, a damsel whose beauty surpassed the most extravagant conceptions of their most imaginative poets. Now Abd-er-Rahman-ben-Dejallah was at this time in a depressed state of mind. There was a vacancy in his heart and harem.

He was a widower to an extent that may be represented by the vulgar fraction ½; for the favorite, fairest and fattest of his four wives, Ghazala, "the gazelle," who weighed nearly twenty stone, had just died. These tales of the Constantinan beauty excited, first, a curiosity, and then a warmer and a stronger passion; and he called to him his major-domo, a faithful person and a man of judgment, and bade him go to the city of Constantina, and bring back a true report. And the major-domo replied "I hear and obey," and went, and returned, and reported, saying—"It is true, oh, my master, what thy servants have said, and there is no lie in it at all. I, myself, have seen her. Her cheeks are like ripe pomegranates, and her eyebrows are curved like the branch of the palm-tree, and her hair resembles the tail of El Wards, the mare of the Prophet, whose name he extolled! And all day she sits in the window of her father's house, which is indeed a mean casbot for so bright a jewel, and steadfastly regards the persons who pass by, smiling in a manner that deprives the beholders of reason."

Then the heart of Abd-er-Rahman was inflamed, and he gave a large sum in money to the major-domo, and told him to go to Constantina, and bring back the damsel at any cost. And the major-domo departed, and went to the house of the damsel's father; and finding the father at the door of the house, he mentioned his mission, and explained that he came on the part of a mighty prince of the South to demand in marriage his daughter, the fair damsel who habitually sat in the window smiling; and thus he was prepared to offer a handsome marriage portion. Whereupon the father was much perplexed; for indeed he had no daughter. He was only a hair-dresser from Marseilles, who cut for the officers of the garrison, and curled for their wives; and the damsel was but a dummy, a wax work figure which he had placed in his window as an indication of his profession. But the major-domo was a man of a literal turn of mind, and as he had been instructed under severe penalties, not to return without the damsel, he bought the image, and it became one of the chief ornaments of his master's harem. And Abd-er-Rahman-ben-Dejallah, who was a man of pleasant humor and also of vast matrimonial experience, has been heard to say—so the story goes—that there were worse wives, so far as peace and quietness were concerned, than the one he got from Constantina.

THE FLUTE.—The invention of the flute is assigned to the goddess Minerva, of whom it is related that having excited the derision of Juno and Venus whilst playing upon her favorite instrument, she examined the reflection of her face in a fountain, and perceiving the contortions it underwent while blowing her flute, she threw it into the water, and from that time confined herself to the lyre. Prior to the invention of the lyre, the flute was the most favorite instrument of the ancients; so greatly was its music admired by all classes of the Greeks that they who played upon it skillfully were assured of their fortune. Plutarch tells us that the Pythoness, at Delphi, pronounced her oracles in verse, and her voice was generally accompanied by the sound of the flute. Aristotle, indeed, tells us that at its first introduction among the Greeks, the flute was little thought of and less esteemed, but after the defeat of the Persians, so great was the change of public opinion in favor of this instrument, that to be unable to play upon it was a serious reproach to one who professed to have received a good education.

☞ All men whose cultivation keeps pace with their years grow "better-looking," as they grow older. They need not regret the roses of spring, for they are exchanged for the richer fruits of autumn, which represent all the worthy labor that has been expended in the years of manhood while they grew and ripened. As a man lives on, all parts harmonize more perfectly to produce unity and wholeness. Not a gray hair can be missed without disturbing the concord, not a wrinkle obliterated without destroying some part of the beauty of age.

☞ Ten Frenchmen kill themselves every day. Statistics show that 300,000 have thus died in France within the present century.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We find in the "Carbon Democrat" the following. Mrs. Mary Bullock, of Mauch Chunk, is our Associate Manager for Carbon county. Will not other Associate Managers prepare us similar reports of the fruits of their labors?—and also give us the number and names of the societies which they have been instrumental in founding in their respective counties:

The Ladies Soldier's Relief Society of Carbon county, have sent to the Women's Penna. Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the following hospital supplies since the 9th June, 1863, to wit: 37 wrappers, 37 shirts, 48 pair drawers, 32 sheets, 19 towels, 46 pair stockings, 16 handkerchiefs 4 linen coats, 17 bed ticks, 12 pillow ticks, 16 pillow ticks filled; 32 pillow cases, 4 canton flannel shirts, 5 do. drawers, 14 flannel shirts, 5 do. drawers, 3 pairs woollen socks, 36 old shirts, 38 fans, 2 night shirts, 5 large stone jars red currant jelly, 1 large jar blackberry jelly, 1 black currant jelly, 6 cans plums, 5 cans peaches, 4 cans tomatoes, 1 do. pears, 1 jar and 1 1 gross pegs, 36 bottles currant wine, 3 do. German wine, 3 do. raspberry vinegar, 3 small bags dried cherries, 1 package dried blackberries, 2 packages black tea, 1 do. rice, 1 do. dried peaches, 1 do. dried rusks, 1 bottle catsup, 10 papers corn starch, old linen, lint, old coats, pants, lot of magazines and other reading matter. The society meets every Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the study of the Presbyterian church, where all ladies interested in our brave Union soldiers are invited to attend, and a helping hand in preparing articles for their comfort. Will the mothers and daughters throughout the county, at this season of the year, prepare some delicacy from the abundance of fruit with which they are regaled, and send them to Mrs. Joshua Bullock or Mrs. M. M. Dimmick, Mauch Chunk. Blackberry Syrup, jellies of all kinds, currant wine, raspberry vinegar, and dried fruits are much needed. Let the ladies of Carbon county respond nobly to this call, and send along their donations. P.

We are indebted to the efficient Cleveland Branch for the following interesting letter:

EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM SURGEON OF 58TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

HOSPITAL No 3, JACKSON, TENN.

Those whose fears have been alarmed as to the manner in which their gifts have been used, must recollect that charity is altogether lovely, but that her fairest attribute is that of never being discouraged because she occasionally happens to miss her aim; they must also recollect that war is one of the diseases of society, when disorder of all its functions prevails, civilization is interrupted, and dishonesty and peculation go hand in hand with murder, legalized by what is called the law of nations. For my own part, instead of being surprised at the magnitude of the misappropriation of sanitary stores, I am surprised at the comparatively trifling amount turned to other uses than those intended by the donors. There need be no concealment of the fact, that in rare instances officers and men entrusted with them have embezzled, misapplied or even sold some of these goods; but after being in the field since the active commencement of the war, and being in positions peculiarly favorable for correct observation in regard to this important inquiry, I must say, that, in my opinion 95 cents' worth out of the dollar went to the objects contemplated by those whose generous hearts and liberal hands bestowed them. Dr. W. Bayley, 1230 Chestnut st., 1 pkg.

Fauville Aid Society, 1 box, C. H. Brinton, Sec'y.

Colored Women's Aid Society, 404 Walnut street, 2 packages, Mrs. Johnson.

Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., 1 box, Mrs. F. Bower, President.

Ladies' Aid, Lower Providence, 4 boxes, Mrs. M. Allen.

A Friend, 1 package.

Ladies' Aid, Boxborough, Mrs. N. L. Jones, 1 package.

Altoona Soldiers' Aid, 1 box, 1 keg, Miss Charlotte L. Lewis.

Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H Haven, 1 package.

Le Raysville Aid Society, 1 box, Mrs. H. N. Brink.

A Friend, 1 box.

MOONLIGHT LOVE.

It was born of the moonlight, a perishing gleam;
What wonder, my love, that 'twas only a dream?
A vanishing dream, a beautiful part
Of the infinite love that lives in the heart.

It was born of the moonlight, a delicate ray,
What wonder, my love, that it faded away,
'Mid the glitter and glare of a wearisome life,
Of innermost passion, and outward strife?

Sweet as the scent of a delicate flower,
'Twas the fragrant birth of an indolent hour.
It lived and it died, oh! say not in vain,
While linked with a smile and unmixed with a pain.

☞ FAITH.—Should trials with an incessant vehemence sift thee as wheat; should tribulation with a weight of woes almost grind thee to powder; should pleasure with her bewitching smiles solicit thee to delicious ruin, yet hold thee fast to God and lean upon Him who is omnipotent. Thou canst not be involved in such calamitous circumstances or be exposed to such imminent peril but thy God whom thou servest is able to deliver thee from the one, and to support thee under the other.

☞ Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

☞ MRS. Partington is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with Foreign Greece. She says she always thought he had better stick to his native Ile.

INCIDENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

One day not long since, among the relics of the dreadful fight at Gettysburg, there was picked up by a soldier, and presented to a lady of our acquaintance, a small paper, which contained two separate locks of hair attached thereto, directed to Mr. Wellerford, from Louisiana, by his wife, in a beautiful handwriting. Below one lock was Fanny Wellerford, below the other Richard Wellerford, and below both "*Our Darlings.*" These tender mementoes of his home and children had been sent to him to cheer his heart in the far distant land to which the fortunes of war had brought him; and probably he wore the tender testimonials near his heart when the fatal missile of death separated him from those he loved in his far off Southern home. Strangers now possess the tender relic, and he rests beneath the clods of a Northern valley, his grave probably unmarked and undistinguished from hundreds around him, who met their death on the bloody field of Gettysburg; and his wife and children look in vain for the return of the loved husband and father. —*Exchange Paper.*

ABOUT MOURNING.

The "widow's cap" is a kind of shroud, intimating that the wife, being one with her husband, has, in a manner, died with him. But the etiquette of a widow's mourning does not render it necessary for her to wear her weeds more than a year, though many continue them longer. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law for a husband. The color is meant to signify grief, which varies in different countries.—In Egypt it is yellow, representing the color of leaves when they fall. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the color of the earth to which the dead return. In Turkey it is blue, an emblem of the happiness it is hoped the deceased enjoys. In Europe, black, denoting the deprivation of light as the termination of life. Exalted personages mourning in purple or violet signifies a mixture of sorrow and hope.

LANGUAGE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.—The following explanation of the colors and symbolic meaning of the "Stars and Stripes" was written by a member of the old Continental Congress, to whom, with others, was committed the duty of selecting a flag for the infant Confederacy:

"The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of states rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which, in the hand of Orpheus, signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, showed, with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag, viz.: the red flag of the armies and the white of floating batteries. The red color, which in the Roman day was the signal of defiance, denotes daring, the blue fidelity, and the white purity."

☞ A FATAL SNEEZE.—A very singular accident occurred a few days ago in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris. A number of laborers were seated on a ladder, each handing to the other above him large stones for building purposes. One of the topmost men was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, so uncontrollable that he dashed the stone in his hands on the man's head below, smashed out his brains, and sent him rolling into the street, dislodging on his downward way four more of the laborers.

☞ Popular Tunes in the Army. Platoons.

Slow Tunes, especially at Fredericksburg. Pon-toons.

The Great American Tune. The Spittoon.

☞ Josey being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have a first-rate forgettery."

☞ A VENERABLE UMBRELLA.—Lorenzo Clay, Esq., of Gardner, Maine, offers a reward of ten dollars for the recovery of an umbrella which he has carried for thirty years. In fact it is, or was, the only umbrella he ever owned.

☞ The editor of an up-the-river-paper having drawn a prize in Uncle Sam's conscription lottery, gently breaks the information thus—"Here we are! Having received a polite invitation from the Provost Marshal of this District, to attend a little party which is intended to come off somewhere down South, we this week take leave of the readers of the *True Patriot* for a longer or shorter period as God wills it. In other words we have been drafted into the United States' service, and we are coming, Father Abraham,' one hundred and ninety-seven pounds strong. We have only time to state that we do not grumble because we have been struck. Not a bit of it. The draft is a bully thing. Let it go on!"

☞ The new American bird—Two hundred pound Parrot.

THE NEW POSTAGE CURRENCY.

THE HERE TO BE MADE UNIFORM—SPECIMEN PAPER FOR THE CURRENCY.

The following account of the arrangements for the issue of the new postage currency appears in Thompson's Bank Note Reporter:

The public is not generally aware that the Treasury Department is making extensive preparations not only for the engraving and printing of the new issues of postal currency and Treasury notes, but that the ink and paper will also be manufactured in the Treasury buildings at Washington. The postal currency is already printed, and will be issued as soon as there is a demand for it by the withdrawal of the old issue. The new fractional currency will be of the same denominations as the old, but instead of being of different sizes, they will all be of the dimensions of the present ten cent postal.

They are engraved in the highest style of art, and the colors, which are the distinguishing marks of the different values, are so blended in the engraving, in a manner, as to defy photographing. But perhaps the greatest safeguard against counterfeiting, in all the new issues, will be in the paper on which they are printed. This will be made a secret process in the Treasury Department, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor. The paper in question is thinner than that in common use, and it will be very much cheaper. Its advantages will consist largely in the fact that it is forty times stronger than the paper now used. It can be washed like a piece of linen, without in any way injuring the engraving; and withal it cannot be photographed, as it photographs a dark brown instead of white, like ordinary paper.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, as please ye,
And how did he procure this wife
To cheer his solitary life?
Out of a rib, sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the maid beguile?
How? he slept sweetly all the while.
And when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
He never slept so well again sir."

☞ There are, or were recently, two families living in one house in Lynn, Mass., one of whom was named *Fell* and the other *Scream*. Their next neighbor was named *Ball*. Mr. *Noyes* lived in the next street. Notwithstanding this, it is said to be a very quiet neighborhood.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured as any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

HEAVENWARD.

The father and his maiden child
Were walking hand in hand;
The words she spoke were strange to him
He could not understand.

"Father, I hear the angels near,
They fan me as they pass;"
But he said: "It is the wind that stirs
The long, high, summer grass."

"Father, I hear the fluttering sweep
Made by their snow-white wings;"
But he said: "Some bird with plumes large
Soars upward as she sings."

"Father, I hear my brother call—
His words are soft and low;"
But he said: "Your baby brother died
Full seven years ago."

"Father, my hand with fever burns,
For a moment let me rest;"
And he said: "Sit down, my child, and lay
Your head upon my breast."

In deep despair at eventide
His room the father trod,
And on the wings of twilight went
A maiden soul to God.

THE INCREDIBILITIES OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.—On a recent afternoon were borne to the dust from which they came the remains of the late Mr. Henry C. Vanderbilt, over which mourned a young girl of 17 years, who in two hours passed from the condition of maidenhood to matron, and from matron to widowhood. She was married in New York to Mr. Vanderbilt, who resided at 2006 Wallace street, Philadelphia, at a quarter to ten o'clock on Friday morning, at twelve o'clock the groom, who was but 21 years of age, died from congestion of the heart—died literally in the fullness of unutterable joy at the successful consummation of his earnest courtship. The wedding was comparatively private, and the young man apparently in bounding health and unmistakably buoyant in spirits, was conversing with his newly made bride, when the fatal spasm, induced by congestion, seized upon him. Medical aid was summoned, but the pitcher at the fountain was forever broken. No skill of human hands was of avail. The remains were borne from the saddened house, and now lie beneath the sod of the cemetery. Here is the record:

VANDERBILT—BALDWIN—Sept. 9d, 1863, at the residence of the bride's father, No. 19 Varick Place, New York, at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M., by the Rev. J. Copeland Lee Jones, Henry Conchlin Vanderbilt, to Minnie, daughter of the Hon. Elbridge G. Baldwin.

VANDERBILT—Died, on the 9d instant, at No. 13 Varick Place, New York, at quarter to 12 o'clock, A. M., Henry Conchlin, eldest son of John V. and Margaret C. Vanderbilt, of this city.

☞ At a camp-meeting held in this state recently, a number of pickpockets invented a new way of diverting suspicion from themselves, by taking the pocket book of one gentleman, and, after removing its contents, placing it in that of another. When the cry of "pickpocket" was raised, several respectable gentlemen were arrested for having other people's pocket-books in their pockets, and then (in the words of the constable who was so badly sold as any of the people) "trying to make po ple believe that they had been robbed themselves,"—the worst of the matter being that they really were robbed.

☞ A piece of work is very valuable to a woman, especially when she finds herself in company with gentlemen. It saves her from looking down, or looking at you when you are talking nonsense; it prevents your reading in her eyes what is passing in her mind, or discovering what effect your words may have upon her feelings; it saves much awkwardness, and very often a blush —sometimes a woman hardly knows which way to look; sometimes she may look any way but the right way. Now, a bit of muslin with a needle and thread, is a remedy for all that, for she can look down upon her work, and not look up till she deems it advisable.

☞ NOT FOREVER.—During a marriage ceremony the bride was sobbing immoderately, while the knot was being tied. "What is the matter, my young woman?" asked the official. "Oh, sir!" replied the bride, "it's because it's forever." "No, no," rejoined the parson, "that's a mistake—a great mistake, it's not forever. Death puts an end to the engagement." On hearing this, the bride dried her tears and was consoled.

☞ An awkward, bashful man, who was getting into a stage at Norwich, Connecticut, a few days ago, pushed his foot through the hoop-skirt of a lady passenger. In the course of several ingenious expedients to extricate himself, he only succeeded in putting his other foot through the hoops of another lady. Staking back in seeming despair, he snouted, "Hull-, driver, hold on! I thought I was getting into a stage, but I find myself in a cooper's shop!"

☞ Mr. Powers, the sculptor, has just lost his eldest daughter.

☞ Charles M. Beecher, of the Cattaraugus Freeman, New York, has been drafted In announcing the fact, he says:

Why should we mourn, conscripted friends,
Or quake at Draft's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Abr'am sends
To make us shoulder arms!

☞ Prentice, having heard that the rebel organs were in favor of killing all the dogs in the confederacy to save food, says:—"We don't pretend to know what the rebels mean to do with the dogs after killing them, but we rather expect that they will soon be growling at us worse than ever."

LATEST NEWS.

The steamer Shenandoah has arrived at this port, with Charleston news to the 15th inst. On the morning of the 9th inst. a reconnoitering expedition was sent out from Folly Island, consisting of Lieut. Commander Cook, Lieut. Worthington, commanding the Wissahickon, and a party of men under Capt. McCloskey, commanding the Dahlgren, which boats were covered by the guns of the Wissahickon, and proceeded up Folly river, to within a short distance of Secessionville, where they met with a heavy fire of musketry and canister shot from the enemy. At the moment a signal was given to retire all the rebel batteries opened on the boats, and kept up a heavy fire for some time. The whole loss of the party was 7 killed and 7 wounded. The remainder of the party escaped without injury. The enemy's loss is unknown. Gen. Foster has gone to Hilton Head, and Gen. Gillmore is in command of the department. The rebels in Fort Sumter are reported to be in a small state of confusion.

Gen. Meade's army still continues in pursuit of the rebels on the Rapidan, and the pickets of the two armies are frequently engaged. Previous reports were to the effect that Gen. Meade had come up with the enemy, succeeded in capturing three guns and a number of prisoners. The Second Army Corps is now commanded by Gen. Hancock.

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 12.—No definite news has been received of Gen. Rosecrans's engagement at Dug Gap. Gen. Negley has reached there with the 1st of Lookout Mountain. Gen. Beatty's division was also engaged at Dug Gap, four miles north of Mow Lady-cut, where the main column of Bragg was at the time of the last account.

The prisoners captured at Cumberland Gap were the 24 North Carolina, 1st Virginia, 1st Georgia, and several companies of artillery. They surrendered unconditionally. The Georgia regiment was 600 strong, and was captured one day before by Gen. Shackelford at Roanoke Island.

The capture of Fort Smith is confirmed by a dispatch from St. Louis. The whole of Western Arkansas and the Indian Territory are now in Federal possession.

Work on the military railroad from Kentucky to Knoxville has been commenced.

It is said that the President declines to accept the resignation of General Burnside.

☞ A LADY RIDING A STEEPLE-CHASE.—A curious affair lately "came off" at Rome. Miss Hosmer, the American sculptress, had challenged Mr. Spicer, an English gentleman, and the master of the hounds, to ride a steeple-chase match. The event came off in the presence of a pretty numerous field of British, American, and sporting Roman spectators. Miss Hosmer rode well, and took all her leaps—stone walls, rails, and hurdles—very pluckily, and led until near the winning post, when Mr. Spicer's jockeyship overcoming his gallantry, he called on his horse, and came in a winner."

☞ The English Army and Navy Gazette, edited by "Bull Run Russell," admits that our improved Dahlgren, Rodman, and Parrott guns are the best now in any part of the world. This, coming as it does, upon the heels of the news of the great success of Gilmore's batteries before Charleston, places American ordnance in quite an exalted position. Parrott's plan of strengthening has been adopted by our cousins across the water, and when they learn the destruction of Sumter their eyes may be opened to the adoption of other evidences of the "steady progress" of the Yankees in the ordnance line.

☞ Among the queer names recently drawn in Hartford, Conn., are "Constant Grinn," "Depan Moses," and "A. Krack." One man was exempted on account of "chronic lipitudio," and another for "chronic periostitis of tibia." An exchange expresses the hope that the poor fellows haven't got it very bad.

☞ A Richmond rebel paper says that if the gambling and drinking go on as at present for two years, Richmond will be all faro banks up-stairs, and all bar-rooms on the first floor, and everybody in town a ring of diamonds or a knight of the order of rum punch.

☞ A conscript friend of ours denounces the Conscription Act as "a relic of the barbarous ages," from the fact that he has been drawn in New York and quartered at Riker's Island.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ It is said that because the Empress Eugenie, Queen of Fashion, as she advances in age, is showing a tendency to fullness, stoutness is becoming the fashion among the ladies of Paris.

☞ A Miss Joy was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a Joy forever."

☞ The tobacco crop in California and Oregon is turning out well. It is believed that the article raised in the former state will equal the best Virginia in quality, and become in time a leading staple.

☞ Rev. H. M. Butler, the head master of Harrow school (England) has issued an order that the side trowsers pockets of the scholars shall in future be dispensed with, his reason for the prohibition being that the boys continually had their hands in these pockets, and thereby contracted a lounging and stooping habit.

☞ Quilp says that the rebels are always talking about being short of salt, but they have at present no reason to complain that they are not sufficiently peppered. In this way we send them the *condiments* of the season.

☞ QUESTION FOR CHEMISTS.—Can you get Patrolman oil out a policeman?

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine to remove a boil from a tea-kettle.

THE CHILDREN.

BY THE "VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are balm of Heaven,
Shedding comfort of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me,
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of Fate, blowing wild—
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are ideals of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! these truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear one
All radiant, as others have done.
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to gird them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself—
Ah! a scraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss their "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XLVII.

GETTING OVER IT.

Laura Mason was not dangerously ill. Her malady was by no means of a serious nature. The pink-blossom tint of her cheeks was intensified into vivid carnation; the turquoise-blue eyes shone with a feverish light; the little hands were very hot and dry. It was in vain that the physician from Windsor prescribed composing draughts. His patient would not be quiet or composed. In vain Eleanor tried to soothe the wounded spirit. It would not be at rest.

"It's no use, Nelly," the invalid cried, impatiently, "I *must* talk of him; I must talk of my sorrows, unless you want me to go mad. Oh, my poor Launcelot! my own, dear Launcelot! how cruel it is to keep me from you!"

This was the worst part of the business. Poor Laura was perpetually entreating to be allowed to see Launcelot. Would they let her go to him; or would they send and ask him to come to her? They were the most cruel and heartless creatures, if they could refuse to let her see him.

But Eleanor did refuse.

"It is impossible, my darling," she said; "I cannot send for him. It is quite impossible that he and I should ever meet again, except as enemies. The will must be read in a few days. Let us wait till then. If Launcelot Darrell is sorry for what he has done, he will try to undo it. If he is not sorry, and takes possession of the estate upon the strength of a forged will, he must be a villain, unworthy even of your pity, Laura."

"But I *do* pity him; and I love him."

It was strange to see what a hold this unhappy affection had taken upon Laura's shallow nature. This frivolous girl was as impassionable as she was volatile. The blow was more terrible to her than it would have been to a woman of higher and grander nature; but to such a woman the consequences of the blow would be, perhaps, lifelong, while it was scarcely likely that Laura would suffer for ever. She did not try to endure the grief that had fallen upon her. She was entirely without pride; and had no more shame in bemoaning her loss of Launcelot Darrell, than she would have had fifteen years before in crying over a broken doll. She did not care who knew her sorrows, and would have made a confidante of the servant who waited upon her, if Eleanor had not interfered to prevent her.

"I'm very miserable and wretched, Jane," she said, while the girl was smoothing her pillows and arranging the tumbled bedclothes, which had been twisted into more wisps of linen by the perpetual tossing to and fro of the invalid. "I'm the most miserable creature that ever was born, Jane, and I wish that I was dead. I know it's wicked, but I do. What's the good of Dr. Featherstone prescribing for me, when I don't want to be prescribed for? What's the good of my taking lime-draughts, when I'd much rather die? What's the use of those horrid opiates, that taste like stale London porter? Opiates won't give me back Launce—"

She stopped abruptly at this point, checked by a warning look from Eleanor.

"You must not speak of Launcelot Darrell to these people, Laura," Mrs. Monckton said, when the servant had left the room, "unless you want them to suspect that something strange has happened."

"But they'll know it, if my wedding is put off."

"Your guardian will explain all that, Laura."

Miss Mason bemoaned her fate even more piteously than before.

"It's hard enough to be miserable," she cried, "but it's still worse to be miserable, and not to be allowed to say so."

"Many people have sorrows to endure that cannot be spoken of," Eleanor answered, quietly. "I had to bear the sorrow of my father's death when I dared not speak of it."

Mrs. Monckton saw very little of her husband during the few days of Laura's illness. She only saw him, indeed, when he came to the door to make inquiries about his ward; but even in the few brief sentences exchanged by them, she could perceive that he was altered towards her. He had been cold and distant for a long time since their marriage; but now his manner had the icy reserve of a man who feels that he has been wronged. Eleanor comprehended this, and was sorry for it; but she had a dull, hopeless feeling that nothing she could do would alter it. The great purpose of her life had failed; and she began to think that nothing but failure could come to any hope of hers.

This feeling separated her completely from her husband. In her ignorance of the suspicions which tortured him, she could of course make no effort to set him right. The girl's innocence and the man's pride made a gulf that no power of affection could pass. If Eleanor could have guessed, ever so vaguely, at the cause of her husband's reserve, a few words from her might have melted the ice; but she had not the faintest notion of the hidden source from which came those bitter waters that had swept away all outward tokens of her husband's love; and those words remained unspoken. Gilbert Monckton thought that if his wife was not false, she was at least indifferent; and he bowed his head before the gloomy face of his Destiny.

"I am not to be loved," he said. "Good-bye, once more, to that dream. And let me try to do my duty, and be in some way useful to my fellow creatures. Half my life has been swallowed up by egotistical regrets. May God give me grace to use the remnant of it more wisely."

He had told Eleanor that as soon as Laura was a little better he should take her to the seaside.

"The poor child cannot remain here," he said, "every gossip in the neighborhood will be eager to know why the wedding is postponed; and unless we assign some simple reason for the change in our arrangements, there will be no limit to people's speculations and conjectures. Laura's illness will be the best possible excuse; and I will take her to the south of France. She may forget Launcelot Darrell by-and-by, when she finds herself in a strange place, surrounded by new associations."

Eleanor eagerly assented to this.

"Nothing could be wiser than such an arrangement," she answered. "I almost think the poor girl would die if she remained here. Everything reminds her of her disappointment."

"Very well, then, I shall take her to Nice as soon as she is well enough to go. Will you tell her that I mean to do so, and try and make her feel some interest in the idea of the change?"

Eleanor Monckton had a very hard time of it in the sick room. Those frivolous people who feel their misfortunes very acutely for the time being, are apt to throw a heavy share of their burden upon the shoulders of their friends. Laura's lamentations were very painful and not a little monotonous to hear; and there was a great deal of hard work to be done in the way of going over the same ground again and again, for that young lady's consolation. She had no idea of turning her face to the wall and suffering in silence. Her manner had none of that artificial calm which often causes uneasiness to those who watch a beloved sufferer through some terrible crisis. Everything reminded her of her grief; and she would not be courageous enough to put away the things that recalled her sorrows. She could not draw a curtain over the bright picture of the past, and turn her face resolutely to the bleak future. She was for ever looking back, and bewailing the beauty of that vanished hope, and insisting that the dream palace was not utterly ruined; that it might be patched up again somehow or other, not to be what it was before, that was impossible, of course; but to be *something*. The broken vase could surely be pieced together, and the scent of the faded roses would hang round it still.

"If he repents, I will marry him, Eleanor," she said, at the end of almost every argument, "and we will go to Italy and be happy together, and he will be a great painter. Nobody would dare to say he had committed a forgery if he was a great painter like Holman Hunt, or Mr. Millais. We'll go to Rome together, Nelly, and he shall study the old masters, and sketch peasants from the life; and I won't mind even if they're pretty, though it isn't pleasant to have one's husband always sketching pretty peasants; and that will divert his mind, you know."

For four days Laura was ordered to keep to her bed, and during that time Eleanor rarely quitted the invalid's apartments, only taking brief snatches of rest in an easy chair by the fire in Laura's dressing-room. On the fifth day Miss Mason was allowed to get up, and then there was terrible scenes to be gone through; for the young lady insisted upon having her trousseau spread out upon the bed, and the chairs, and the sofas, and hung upon every available peg in the two rooms; until both those apartments became a very forest of finery, about which the invalid prowled perpetually, indulging in a separate fit of weeping over every garment.

"Look at this darling parasol, Nelly," she cried, gazing at the tiny canopy of silk and whalebone with streaming eyes; "isn't the real point lace over the pale pink silk lovely? And then it's so becoming to the complexion, too! Oh, how happy I thought I should be when I had this parasol. I thought I should drive on the Corso with Launcelot, and now—! And the violet-satin boots with high heels, Nelly, made on purpose to wear with my violet silk dress, I thought nobody *could* be unhappy with such things as those, and now—!"

Every speech ended in fresh tears, which sometimes trickled over a shining silken garment, and flecked the lustrous fabric with spots of water that took the brightness out of the splendid hues.

"To think that I should be so miserable as to cry over silk at nine and sixpence a yard, and not to care!" exclaimed Laura Mason; as if, in these words, she described the highest anguish-point that human misery can reach.

She had a few presents given her by Launcelot, they were very few, and by no means valuable, for Mr. Darrell, as we know, was essentially selfish, and did not care to spend his small stock of money upon other people; and she sat with those trifles in her lap for hours together, lamenting over them, and talking about them.

"There's my silver thimble, my dear, darling little silver thimble," she said, perching the scrap of glistening metal upon her little finger, and kissing it with that degree of rapture which the French vaudeville-ists call "explosion!"—"that nasty, spiteful Amelia Shalders said a silver thimble was a vulgar present, just what a carpenter, or any other common man, would have given to his sweetheart, and that Launcelot ought to have given me a ring or a bracelet, as if he could go buying rings and bracelets without any money. And I don't care whether my thimble's vulgar or not, and I love it dearly, because he gave it me. And I'd do lots of needle-work for the sake of using it, only I never could learn to use a thimble—quite. It always seems so much easier to work without one, though it does make a hole in the top of one's finger. Then there's my tablets! Nobody can say that ivory tablets are vulgar. My darling little tablets, with the tiny, *tiny* gold pencil-case,"—the gold pencil-case was very tiny—"and the wee mite of a turquoise for a seal. I've tried to write 'Launcelot' upon every leaf, but I don't think ivory tablets are the very nicest things to write upon. One's writing seems to slide about somehow as if the pencil was tipsy; and the lines won't come straight. It's like trying to walk up and down the deck of a steamer, one goes where one doesn't want to go."

The bewailings over the trousseau and the presents had a beneficial effect upon the heart-broken invalid. On the evening of the fifth day her spirits began to revive a little, she drank tea with Eleanor at a table by the fire in the dressing-room, and after tea tried on her wedding bonnet and mantle before the cheval glass.

This performance seemed to have a peculiarly consoling effect, and after surveying herself for a long time in the glass, and lamenting the redness of her eyelids, which prevented full justice being done to the beauty of the bonnet, Miss Mason declared that she felt a great deal better, and that she had a presentiment that something would happen, and that everything would come right somehow or other.

As it would have been very cruel to deprive her of this rather vague species of comfort, Eleanor said nothing, and the evening ended almost cheerfully. But the next day was that appointed for Mr. de Crespigny's funeral and the reading of the will; and Laura's anxiety was now really greater than it had ever been. She could not help believing Eleanor's story of the forgery, though she had struggled long against the conviction that had been forced upon her, and her only hope was that her lover would repent, and suffer his aunts to inherit the wealth which had been no doubt bequeathed to them. Frivolous and shallow as this girl was, she could not for a moment contemplate marrying Launcelot under any other circumstances. She could not think of sharing with him a fortune that had been gained by fraud.

"I know he will confess the truth," she said to Eleanor, upon the morning of the funeral, "he was led into doing wrong by his friend, that wicked Frenchman. It was only the impulse of the moment. He has been sorry ever since, I dare say. He will undo what he has done."

"But if the real will has been destroyed?"

"Then his two aunts and his mother would share the estate between them. We were both mistaken, you know, Eleanor, in thinking that Launcelot would be heir-at-law if his great-uncle died without a will. My guardian told me so the other day when I asked him some question about the fortune. And he told Launcelot the same thing that night in the library, when they had the conversation about my fortune."

If Laura was anxious upon this eventful day, Eleanor was anxious too. It was a new crisis in her life. Would Launcelot Darrell attempt to restore himself to the position he had occupied before the night of his uncle's death, or would he hold to that which he might acquire by his deliberate fraud, and remain a hardened and impenitent criminal, defiant of the law he had outraged?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE READING OF THE WILL.

Gilbert Monckton went up to Tolldale immediately after the funeral, in order to be present at the reading of the will. He felt that he had a right to see the end of this business, in which his wife had played so extraordinary a part. The will was to be read by Henry Lawford's clerk, in the sitting-room, or study, which Maurice de Crespigny had occupied for many years before his death.

There were a great many people who, like Gilbert Monckton, thought they had a right to be present upon this occasion; people who had been kept out of the old man's house by the rigid watchfulness and the inflexible will of the two maiden ladies for the last twenty years or so, but who were freely admitted now, as no longer capable of doing mischief. All manner of distant relationships, so remote as to be almost untraceable, came to light upon this occasion; cousins, by marriage; sisters-in-law of dead first cousins, once removed; widowers, who attached themselves to the house of Crespigny by right of departed wives; widows who declared themselves near relations on the strength of claims held by defunct husbands; poor connections who came on foot, and who were so poor that it was really an impertinence in them to expect the smallest legacy; rich connections who came in splendid carriages, and who seemed even more eager for any stray twenty pounds for a mourning ring, that might be set against their names, than the poorest of the brotherhood. And indeed these owners of splendid carriages might have been needier than the dusty and weatherbeaten pedestrians; for when people try to make fifteen hundred a year do the work of three thousand, every accidental twenty-pounds is a God-send to them.

However it might be, everybody in the Woodlands drawing-room upon that particular morning was influenced by the same feeling, a compound sensation of hope and distrust, expectancy and despair. Surely there could never before have been so many eager faces assembled together in the same small space. Every face, young or old, handsome or ugly, aristocratic or plebeian, wore the same expression; and had thus a common likeness, which bore out the idea of some tie of relationship binding the whole assembly.

Every one regarded his or her neighbor as the possible inheritor of something worth having, and therefore a personal enemy. Smiling relations were suspected of being acquainted with the contents of the will, and secretly rejoicing in the certainty of their own names being pleasantly mentioned therein. Frowning relations were looked at darkly as probable arch-plotters who had worked upon the mind of the dead man. Diffident relations were feared as toadies and sycophants, who had no doubt plied Mr. de Crespigny with artful flatteries. Confident relations were dreaded as people who perhaps had some secret claim upon the estate, and were silently gloating over the excellence of their chances. Every one of these outsiders hated each other with vengeful and murderous hate; but they all sympathised in a far deeper hatred of the four favorites for these great legacy stakes, the two maiden ladies, Mrs. Darrell, and her son. It was almost certain that one or other of these four people would inherit the Woodlands property, and the bulk of the dead man's fortune; unless, indeed, by one of those capricious caprices to eccentric valetudinarians, he should have left his wealth to some distant connexion, who had been too proud to ready him—and had moreover never had the chance of doing so. Yes, the three nieces and Launcelot were the first favorites in this eager race; and the outsiders speculated freely amongst themselves as to the chances and the "condition" of these four fortunate creatures. And if the outsiders hated each other desperately for the sake of very small chances, how much more desperate must have been the feelings of these four who were to enter for the great stake.

Launcelot Darrell met Mr. Monckton this morning for the first time since that strange scene upon the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death. The young man had called at Tolldale Priory during the interval, but both the lawyer and his ward had been denied to him.

Perhaps amongst all those assembled in the chamber which had so lately been tenanted by the dead man, there was not one more painfully anxious than Gilbert Monckton, into whose mind no mercenary thought had ever entered.

It was in the hope of saving his wife justified that Mr. Monckton had come to Woodlands upon this day. He had brooded over Eleanor's denunciation of Launcelot Darrell perpetually during the week that had elapsed since the old man's death; but the more he pondered upon that passionate accusation the more bewildered and perplexed he became.

Let it be remembered that he was a man whose nature had been rendered jealous and suspicious by one cruel deception which had embittered his youth and soured a generous disposition. His mind was penetrated with the idea that Eleanor had never loved him, and that she *had* loved Launcelot Darrell. This belief was the tormenting spirit, the insidious demon which had held possession of his breast ever since his brief honey-moon on the northern coast. He could not dismiss it all in a moment. The fiend was in possession, and was not very easily to be exorcised. That vehement denunciation, that passionate accusation which had rushed, impetuous and angry, from Eleanor Monckton's lips, might be the outburst of a jealous woman's fury, and might have its root in love. Eleanor had loved this young man, and was indignant against him for his intended marriage with Laura. If the desire to avenge her father's death had alone actuated her, surely this passionate girl would have spoken before now.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton argued. He did not know how eager Eleanor had been to speak, and how she had only been held back by the worldly wisdom of Richard Thornton. How should he know the long trial of patience, the bitter struggle between the promptings of passion and the cold arguments of policy which his wife had endured? He knew nothing except that something—some secret—some master passion had absorbed her soul, and separated her from him.

He stood aloof in the dead man's study while Mr. Lamb, the clerk, a grey-haired old man, with a nervous manner and downcast eyes, arranged his papers upon a little table near the fire, and cleared his throat preparatory to commencing the reading of the will.

There was an awful silence in the room, as if everybody's natural respiration had been suspended all in a moment, and then the clerk's low voice began, very slowly and hesitatingly, with the usual formula.

"I, Maurice de Crespigny, being at this time," &c., &c. The will was of some length, and as it began with a great many insignificant legacies, mourning rings, snuff-boxes, books, antique plate, scraps of valuable china, and small donations of all kinds to distant relations and friends who had been lost sight of on the lonely pathway along which the old man had crawled to his tomb under the grim guardianship of his two warders—the patience of the chief expectants was very sorely tried. But at last, after modest little annuities to the servants had been mentioned, the important clauses were arrived at.

To every one of the three sisters, Sarah and Lavinia de Crespigny and Ellen Darrell, the testator bequeathed money in the funds to the amount of two hundred a year. "All the rest and residue" of his estate, real and personal, was left to Launcelot Darrell, "absolutely," without condition or reserve.

The blood rushed up to the widow's face, and then as suddenly receded, leaving it ghastly white. She held out her hand to her son, who stood beside her chair, and clasped his clammy fingers in her own.

"Thank God," she said in a low voice, "you have got your chance at last, Launcelot. I should be content to die to-morrow."

The two sisters, pale and venomous, glared at their nephew. But they could only look at him. They could do nothing against him. He had won and they had lost; that was all. They felt strange burning noises in their ears, and the carpeted floor of the room seemed reeling up and down like the deck of a storm-tost vessel. This was all that they felt just at present. The shock was so great that its first effect was only to produce a kind of physical numbness which extended even to the brain.

I don't know what [illegible] feeling, [illegible] doing little acts of unnecessary kindness [illegible] upon her forehead, could, by any possibility, have spent upon her own wants more than a hundred pounds a year; nor had either of them been accustomed to indulge in the sweet luxury of charity. They were neither generous nor ambitious. They were entirely without the capacity for spending money either upon themselves or on other people, and yet they had striven as eagerly for the possession of this fortune as ever any proud, ambitious spirit strove for the golden means by which he hoped to work his way upon the road that leads to glory.

They were fond of money; they were fond of money, *per se*; without reference to its uses, either noble or ignoble. They would have been very happy in the possession of their dead kinsman's fortune, though they might have gone down to their graves without having spent so much as the two hundred a year which they received by this cruel will. They would have hoarded the government securities in an iron safe; they would have added interest to principal; they would have nursed the lands, and raised the rents, and been hard and griping with the tenants, and would have counted their gains and calculated together the increase of their wealth; but they would have employed the same cobbler who had worked for them before their uncle's death; they would still have given out their stuff shoes to be mended; and they would have been as sharp as ever as to an odd sixpence in their dealings with the barber who dressed their crisp brown curls.

Launcelot Darrell kept his place beside his mother's chair; though the reading of the will was finished, and the clerk was folding the sheets upon which it was written. Never had any living creature shown less elation than this young man did upon his accession to a very large fortune.

Gilbert Monckton went up to the little table at which the lawyer's clerk sat, folding up the papers.

"Will you let me look at that will for a moment, Mr. Lamb?" he asked.

The clerk looked up at him with an expression of surprise.

"You wish to look at it—?" he said, hesitating a little.

"Yes. There is no objection to my doing so, is there? It will be sent to Doctors' Commons, I suppose, where anybody will be able to look at it for a shilling."

The clerk handed Gilbert Monckton the document with a feeble little laugh.

"There it is, Mr. Monckton," he said. "You remember your own signature, I dare say; you'll find it there along with mine."

Yes, there was the signature. It is not a very easy thing for the cleverest man, who is not a professional expert, to decide upon the authenticity of his own autograph. There it was. Gilbert Monckton looked at the familiar signature, and tried in vain to find some flaw in it. If it was a forgery, it was a very skillful one. The lawyer perfectly remembered the date of the will which he had witnessed, and the kind of paper upon which it had been written. The date and the paper of this correspond with that recollection.

The body of the will was in the handwriting of the clerk himself. It was written upon three sheets of foolscap paper, and the signatures of the testator and the two witnesses were repeated at the bottom of every page. Every one of the three autographs differed from the others in some trifling point, and this circumstance, small in itself, had considerable influence upon Gilbert Monckton.

"If this will had been a forgery, prepared by Launcelot Darrell, the signatures would have been fac-similes of each other," thought the lawyer; "that is a mistake which forgers almost always fall into. They forget that a man very rarely signs his name twice alike. They get hold of one autograph and stereotype it."

What was he to think, then? If this will was genuine, Eleanor's accusation must be a falsehood. Could he believe this? Could he believe that his wife was a jealous and vindictive woman, capable of inventing a lie in order to revenge herself upon the infidelity of the man she had loved? To believe this would be most everlasting misery. Yet how could Gilbert Monckton think otherwise, *if* the will was genuine? Everything hinged upon that, and every proof was wanting against Launcelot Darrell. The housekeeper, Mrs. Jepcott, declared most distinctly that nobody had entered the dead man's room or touched the keys upon the table by the bed. This alone, if the woman's word was to be depended upon, gave the lie to Eleanor's story.

But this was not all. The will was in every particular the very opposite of such a will as would be likely to be the work of a forger.

It contained legacies to old friends of the dead man whom he had not himself seen for twenty years, and whose very names must have been unknown to Launcelot Darrell. It was the will of a man whose mind lived almost entirely in the past. There was a gold snuff-box bequeathed "to my friend Peter Sedgewick, who was stroke in the Magdalen boat at Henley-on-the-Thames, fifty-seven years ago, when I was six in the same boat;" there was an onyx shirt-pin left "to my old boon companion Henry

Lancelot, who dined with me at the Beefsteak Club with George Vane and Richard Beasley Shanton on my birthday." The will was full of personal recollections dated fifty years back; and how was it possible that Launcelot Darrell could have fabricated such a will; when by Eleanor's own admission he had no access to the genuine document until he came to substitute the forgery after his uncle's death? The forgery must therefore, Gilbert Monckton argued, have been prepared while the young man was in utter ignorance as to the tenor of the actual will, according to Eleanor's story; and this, the lawyer reasoned, was proof conclusive against his wife.

Launcelot could not have fabricated such a will as this. This will, therefore, was genuine, and Eleanor's accusation was only prompted by a sudden burst of jealous rage, which had made her almost indifferent to consequences. Mr. Monckton examined the signatures again and again, and then, looking very sharply at the clerk, said, in a low voice:

"The body of this will is in your handwriting, I believe, Mr. Lamb?"

"It is, sir!"

"Can you swear that this is the genuine document; the will which you wrote and witnessed?"

"Most decidedly," the clerk answered, with a look of astonishment.

"You have no suspicion whatever as to its authenticity?"

"No, sir, none! Have you any suspicion, Mr. Monckton?" he added, after a moment's pause.

The lawyer sighed heavily.

"No," he said, giving the paper back to the clerk; "I believe the will is genuine."

Just at this moment there was a stir in the assembly, and Gilbert Monckton turned round to see what was taking place.

It was Mrs. Jepcott, the housekeeper, who was saying something to which everybody listened intently.

The reason of this attention which the housekeeper's smallest word received from every member of that assembly, was the fact that she held a paper in her hand. Every eye was fixed upon this paper. It might be a codicil revoking the will, and making an entirely new disposition of the property.

A faint red flush began to light up the wan cheeks of the two old maids, and Launcelot Darrell grew more livid than death. But it was not a codicil; it was only a letter written by Maurice de Crespigny, and addressed to his three nieces.

"The night before my poor dear master died," the housekeeper said, "I was sitting up with him all alone, and he called me to him, and he told me to fetch him his dressing-gown, which he'd been wearing all through his illness, whenever he sat up; and I fetched it; and he took a sealed letter out of the breast-pocket, and he said to me, 'Jepcott, when my Will is read, I expect my three nieces will be very much disappointed, and will think I have not treated them fairly; so I've written them a letter, begging them not to be angry with me after I'm dead and gone; and I want you to keep it, and take care of it, until the Will has been read, and then give it to my eldest niece, Sarah, to read aloud to her two sisters in the presence of everybody.' And this is the letter, Miss," added Mrs. Jepcott, handing the sealed letter to Sarah de Crespigny.

"Thank God!" thought Gilbert Monckton, "I shall know now whether the will is genuine. If it is a fabrication, this letter must bring detection upon the forger."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE SWALLOW.

Swallow, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come
Gleaming in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,
Year after year, unto thy northern home,
While youth and love are leaving us forever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories
Of happy years, of what can never be,—
Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,
And fiery days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,
And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,
Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,
Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming
Thou must be some spirit, set forever free,
When the yellow bees are in the meadows, humming,
And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh! joyous swallow, gliding on careless wing,
Happy as the summer hours gone forever by,
Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;
Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;
And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas, forever!
Call not up the memories thou can'st not call to sleep,
Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

JOHN ANDREWS.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VENICE'S PRIDE," "HAST LETHE," "THE CHAMBERMAID," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXI.

DOUBTS CLEARED AT LAST.

Many a painting has been handed down to posterity whose features bore not a tithe of the interest that was presented at that moment in the old hall of the Treviyns. The fine figure of the stranger, standing with the air of a chieftain, of a master, of one who is conscious of his own power of right; the keen gaze of Miss Diana, regarding him with puzzled equanimity; the gradual backing of the servant, as one scared, who will not leave the scene, and yet scarcely dared stay in it; and the slow horror of conviction that was rising to the face of Mr. Chattaway. And there, behind all, stealing into the hall by a side-door, came the timid steps, the pale, questioning looks of Mrs. Chattaway, not certain yet whether the intruder was an earthly visitor or ghostly.

Mr. Chattaway was the first to recover himself. He looked at the stranger with a face that strove to be a haughty one: he would have given the whole world to possess the calm equanimity of the Treviyns, the unchanged countenance of Miss Diana; but his leaden face wore its worst and greenest tinge, and his lips had a quiver in them as he spoke—and he was conscious of it.

"*Whom* do you say you are? Squire Treviyn? He has been in his grave long ago. We do not tolerate impostors here."

"I hope you do not," was the reply of the stranger, turning his face full on the speaker. "*I* will not in future, I can tell you that. True, James Chattaway: one Squire Treviyn is in his grave: but he lives again in me. I am Rupert Treviyn, and the Squire of Treviyn Hold."

Yes, it was Rupert Treviyn. The young Rupert Treviyn of the old days: the runaway heir. He whom they had so long mourned as dead (though perhaps there had not been much of mourning in it) never had been dead, and had now come home, after all these years, to claim his own.

Mr. Chattaway backed against the wall, and stood there staring with his livid face. To contend was impossible; to affect to believe that it was not Rupert Treviyn and the true heir, the next in legal succession to his father, the old squire, would have been utter child's play. The well remembered features of Rupert, the heir, grew upon his memory one by one: putting aside that speaking likeness to the squire, to the Treviyns' generally, Mr. Chattaway, now that the first moments of surprise were over, would have known him for himself. He needed not the acknowledgment of Miss Diana, the sudden recognition of his wife, who darted forward, uttering her brother's name, and fell sobbing in his arms, to convince him that it was indeed Rupert Treviyn, the indisputable master from henceforth, of Treviyn Hold.

He leaned against the wall, and took in all the despair of his position. The latent fear, nay, the conviction, so long seated in his heart, that he would sometime lose Treviyn Hold, had never pointed to *this*. Mr. Chattaway, in some not-to-be-driven away corner of his mind, had looked vaguely forward to law-suits and contentions between him and its claimant, poor Rupert, son of Joe. He had surmised that the law-suits might last for years, he meanwhile keeping possession, perhaps up to the end. He had never looked to have it suddenly wrested from him by indisputable and lawful right; he had never believed that he himself was the usurper, that a nearer heir, and a direct one, the squire's son, was in existence. Poor Rupert, whom he had been plotting against, had never yet been its heir; Joe Treviyn, the dead, had never been its heir. Rupert, the elder son, had been all along in existence: he had now come, not as a claimant, not as the heir, but as the master; and he Chattaway could not gainsay it.

There is an old adage to the effect that misfortune never comes from the quarter in which it is looked for. Most certainly Mr. Chattaway had never looked for it from this. He had dreaded, as you know, poor Rupert; he had cast impossible doubts on the will of Squire Treviyn; he was not sure, but a vague thought had been sometimes upon him that, some time or other, public feeling would so rise against him as to force him to abdicate in favor of Rupert; but never, in his wildest imaginings, had he cast a thought to the possibility, of the direct owner, Rupert Treviyn, being alive. He had believed him as certainly dead and gone as the old squire whom he had seen nailed down in his coffin.

And this was the explanation of the letters from Connell, Connell & Ray, which had so annoyed Mr. Chattaway and puzzled his wife. "Rupert Treviyn was about to take up his own again—the Squire of Treviyn Hold." True; but it was this Rupert Treviyn, not that. It may be that the harsh feeling of Mr. Chattaway towards poor Rupert, the dependent, was somewhat softened by the thought of how innocuous he had been to work him any harm in his possessions—as innocuous as he himself now was to work harm to the returned fugitive, the legal squire henceforth of Treviyn Hold.

The explanation he might have entered into, that returned man, is of little moment to us; the bare fact is sufficient—that he had come, in life. It was an explanation he gave but partially to those around, descending to no details. It was true that he had been shipwrecked at the time of his supposed death, and he knew that an account of his death had been sent home; why he had suffered it to remain uncontradicted he did not explain; and they could only surmise that the crime in which he had been a suspected sharer tied his tongue. However innocent he knew himself to be, while others at home believed him guilty he was not safe, and he had never known until recently that his reputation had been cleared. So much he did say. He had been half over the world, he said, but had lived chiefly in South America, where he had made a handsome living.

"And whose children are these?" he asked, as he passed into the drawing-room, where the sea of wondering faces was turned upon him. "You should be James Chattaway's daughter," he cried, singling out Octave, "for you have the face of your father over again."

"I am Miss Chattaway," she repellantly said, drawing from him with a scornful gesture. "Papa," she whispered, going up to the shrinking, cowed figure, which had followed in the wake of the rest, "who is that man?"

"Hush, Octave! He has come to turn us from our home."

Octave gazed as one suddenly blinded. She saw the strange likeness to the Treviyn's, and it flashed into her mind that it must be the Uncle Rupert, risen from the supposed dead, of whom she had heard so much. She saw him notice her two sisters; she saw him turn to Maude, lift her face with his hand, and gaze on it.

"You should be a Treviyn. A softer and fairer face than Joe's, but the same outlines. What is your name, my dear?"

"Maude Treviyn, sir."

"Aye, Joe's child. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One brother, sir."

Squire Treviyn—we must give him his title henceforth—looked round the room as if in search of the brother. "Where is he?"

Maude shivered; but he waited for an answer, and she gave it. "He is not here, sir."

"And now tell me a little of by-gones," he cried, wheeling round on his sister Diana. "Who is the reigning master of Treviyn Hold?"

She indicated Mr. Chattaway with her finger.

"He is."

"He! Who succeeded my father?—in my place."

"He did. Mr. Chattaway."

"Then where was Joe?"

"Joe was dead. He had died a few months previously."

"Leaving—how many children did you say? Two?"

"Two. Maude and Rupert."

"The latter still an infant, I presume, at the time of my father's death?"

"Quite an infant."

"Nevertheless, he was the squire of Treviyn Hold, failing me. Why did he not succeed?"

There came no answer. He looked at them all in succession; but even Miss Diana Treviyn's undisturbable equanimity was shaken for the moment. It was Mr. Chattaway who plucked up courage to reply, and he put on as bold a front as he could.

"Squire Treviyn judged it well to will the estate to me. What would a child in long petticoats do, reigning at Treviyn Hold?"

"He might have reigned by deputy. Where is Rupert? I must see him!"

But had they been keen observers they might have detected that Squire Treviyn put the questions not altogether with the tone of a man who seeks information through ignorance. In point of fact he was as wise as they were as to the principal events which had followed on the squire's death. He had remained in London two or three weeks since landing; had gathered all the information that could be afforded him by Connell & Connell, and had himself dictated the letters which had so upset Mr. Chattaway; more than that, he had, this very morning, halted at Barmester, on his way to Treviyn Hold, had seen Mr. Peterby, and gleaned details. One thing Mr. Peterby had not been able to tell him, whether the unfortunate Rupert was dead or alive.

"Where is Maude?" he suddenly asked.

Maude stepped forward, somewhat surprised.

"Not you, child. One who must be thirty good years older than you. My sister, Maude Treviyn."

"She married Thomas Ryle of the farm, Rupert," answered Miss Diana, who had rapidly determined to be the best of friends with her brother. "It was not a proper match for her, and she entered upon it without our consent; nay, in defiance of us all. She lives there still; and—and—here she—is."

For once in her life Miss Diana was startled into betraying surprise. There, coming in at the door, was her sister Maude, Mrs. Ryle; and she had not been in Treviyn Hold for years and years.

Mora, knee-wrist Mora, had fathomed the mystery as she walked home. That one so strangely resembling old Squire Treviyn must be very closely connected with him, she doubted not, and she worked out the problem; it must be Rupert Treviyn, come (may it not be said?) to life again. Before she entered, his features had been traced on her memory, and she hastened to acquaint Mrs. Ryle.

That lady lost no time in speeding to the Hold. George, who had been suddenly detained from his proposed expedition to Leyton's Heath, came with her. There was no agitation on her face; it was a true Treviyn's in its calm impassibility, but she greeted him with words of welcome.

"I have not been in this house, Rupert, my brother, since its master died; I would not enter it while a usurper reigned in it. Thank Heaven, you are come! It will end the heartburnings."

"Heartburnings? of what nature are they? But who are you?" he broke off, looking at George. And then he raised his hand to lay it on his shoulder, and gazed into his face. "Unless I am mistaken, you are your father's son."

George laughed at the quaintness.

"My father's son, I believe, sir, and people tell me I am like him; but yet more like my mother. I am George Berkeley Ryle."

"Is he here?—with you? I and Tom Ryle were good friends once."

"Here!" uttered George, with emotion that he could not wholly suppress, "he has been dead for many years. He was killed."

Squire Treviyn lifted his hands.

"It will all come out to me bit by bit, I suppose; one record of the past, one calamity after another. Maude"—turning to his sister—"I was inquiring of the past. If the Treviyns have held a name for nothing else in the county, they have held one for justice; and I want to know how it was that my father—my father and yours—willed away his estate from poor Joe's boy. Good Heavens, Maude," he abruptly broke off, as he caught sight of her face in the red light of the declining sun. "How wonderfully you have grown like my father! More so even than I have!"

It was so. As Mrs. Ryle stood there, haughty, self-possessed, they might have deemed it the old squire over again.

"You want to know why my father willed away his estate from Joe's son? Ask Chattaway; ask Diana Treviyn;" with a sweep of the hand to both. "Ask them to tell you who kept it from him that a son was born to Joe. *They* did; the squire made his will, went to his grave, never knowing that young Rupert was born. Ask them to tell you how it was that, when in accordance with this ignorance the will was made, my father constituted his second daughter's husband his heir, instead of my husband; mine, his eldest child's. Ask it them, Rupert."

"Heartburnings? Yes, I can understand that there have been heartburnings," murmured Squire Treviyn.

"Ask *him*—Chattaway—about the two thousand pounds debt to Mr. Ryle," she continued, never flinching from her stern gaze, never raising her voice above its calm tone of low, concentrated indignation. "You have just said that you and Tom Ryle were friends, Rupert. Yes, you were friends; and had you reigned after my father, he, my husband, would not have been hunted to his death."

"Maude! What are you saying?"

"The truth. Wherever that man Chattaway could lay his hand of oppression, he has laid it. He pursued my husband incessantly during his life; it was through that pursuit, inadvertently I admit, that he met his death. The debt of two thousand pounds which had been lent to Mr. Ryle, he, my father, cancelled on his death-bed; he made my husband a present of it; he would have handed him the bond then, but that it was in Chattaway's possession, and he said he would send it to him. It never was sent, Rupert; and the first use Chattaway made of his new power when he came into the Hold, was to threaten to sue my husband upon the bond. The squire had given my husband his word to renew the lease on the same terms, and you know that his word was never gone from. The second thing Chattaway did was to raise the rent. It has been up-hill work with us."

"I'll right it now, Maude," he cried, with all the generous impulse of the Treviyns. "I'll right that, and all else."

"We have righted it for ourselves," she answered, proudly. "By dint of perseverance, and hard work, not on my part, but on *his*"—pointing to George—"we have paid it off. Not many days ago, the last installment of the debt and interest was handed to Chattaway. May it do him good! *I* should not like to fatten upon unjust gains."

"But where is Rupert?" repeated Squire Treviyn. "I must see Rupert."

Ah, there was no help for it, and the whole tale was poured into his ear. Between Mrs. Ryle's revelations on the one side, and Mr. Chattaway's on the other, it was all poured into the indignant but perhaps not surprised ear of the new master of Treviyn. The unkindness and oppression dealt out to Rupert through his unhappy life, and its terrible ending of the burning of the rick, of the strange disappearance of Rupert. Beginning token that he had heard it all before. Mrs. Ryle spared nothing: she told him of the suspicion so freely dealt out by the neighborhood to Chattaway, of having made away with Rupert: even then the listener returned no sign that he knew of the suspicion as well as they did.

"Maude," he said, "where is Rupert? Diana, you answer me—where is Rupert?"

They were unable to answer. They could only say that he was absent, and they knew not how or where.

It may be that Squire Treviyn feared the suspicion might be too true a one; for he turned suddenly on James Chattaway, his eye flashing with a severe light.

"Tell me where the boy is!"

"I, don't know where he is," said Mr. Chattaway.

"He may be dead!"

"He may—for all I can tell to the contrary."

Squire Treviyn paused.

"Rupert Treviyn is my heir," he slowly said, "and I will have him found. James Chattaway, I insist on your producing Rupert."

"Nobody can insist upon an impossibility."

"Then listen. You don't know much of me, but you know my father; and you may remember that when he *willed* a thing, he did it: that same spirit is mine. Now, I register a vow that if you do not produce Rupert Treviyn, or tell me where I may find him, dead or alive, I will publicly charge you with the murder."

"I have as much cause to charge you with it, as you have to charge me," returned Mr. Chattaway, his anger rising. "You have heard them tell you of my encounter with him on the evening following the examination before the magistrates: I declare on my sacred word of honor—"

"*Your* word of honor!" scornfully apostrophised Mrs. Ryle.

"That I have never seen Rupert Treviyn since the moment when I left him on the ground," he continued, turning his dark looks on Mrs. Ryle, but never pausing. "I have sought in vain for him since; the police have sought; and he is not to be found."

"Very well," said the squire; "I have given you the alternative."

Mr. Chattaway opened his mouth to reply; but, to the surprise of all who knew him, suddenly closed it again, and quitted the room. To describe the perplexity that the man was in would be impossible. Apart from the general perplexity brought to him by this awful arrival of a master for Treviyn Hold, there was the minor perplexity of what should be his own conduct. Should it be abject submission? or war to the knife? Mr. Chattaway's temper would have inclined him decidedly to the latter course; but he feared it might be bad policy for his self-interest; and self-interest had always been paramount with James Chattaway. Should he dispute for Treviyn Hold with this new-comer? or should he submissively yield? He stood outside the house, where he had wandered, and cast his eyes on the fine old place, on the fair domain stretching out around. Right in face of him was the rick-yard, which had given rise to so much of discomfort, of trouble, and of ill-feeling. Oh, if he could but dispute it successfully, and retain possession of it! But there lay a conviction in his heart that even to attempt such would be the height of folly. That he, thus returned, was really the true Rupert Treviyn, who had decamped in his youth, now grown into a middle-aged man, was apparent as the sun at noonday. It was clearly apparent to him, Mr. Chattaway; it would be apparent to the world. The returned wanderer had remarked that his identity would be established by indisputable proof; but Mr. Chattaway felt that there was no proof necessary to establish it. What, then, would be the use of his holding out? And yet!—to quit this fine possession, to sink down into poverty and obscurity in the face and eyes of the local world—that world which had been ready enough, as it was, to cast its slighting contempt on the master of Treviyn Hold—would be as the very bitterest fate that ever fell upon man. In that cruel moment, when it was pressing upon his imagination with fearfully vivid colors, it seemed that death would be as a boon in comparison.

While he was thus standing, torn with contending emotions, Cris ran up in excitement from the direction of the stables. He had been leaving his horse there on his return from Blackstone, and some vague and confused version of the affair had been told to him.

"What's this, father?" he asked, in demonstrative anger. "They are saying that Rupert Treviyn has come boldly back, and is laying claim to the Hold. Have you given him into custody?"

Mr. Chattaway raised his dull eyes. The question but added to his misery.

"Yes, Rupert Treviyn has come back," he said; but—"

"Is he in custody?" impatiently interrupted Cris. "Are the police here?"

"It is another Rupert Treviyn, Cris; not that one."

Something in his father's manner, more than the words, struck unpleasantly on the ears of Cris Chattaway, sobering him momentarily.

"Another Rupert Treviyn? the squire is in a fainting fit. What are you saying?"

"The Rupert Treviyn of old; the supposed renegade son; the heir," said his father, as if it were a comfort to call out all the bitter truth. "He has come home, and claims his own, Cris—Treviyn Hold."

And Mr. Cris fell against the wall at his side with his father, and stared in blank consternation.

"Come back to claim his own?" he mechanically repeated. "Come back to claim Treviyn Hold?"

CHAPTER LXII.

A VISIT TO RUPERT.

And what were the emotions of Miss Chattaway? They were of a mixed nature. In spite of the little comfort which the possession of the Hold had brought to herself individually; of the feeling of weariness, of envy, which had ever rested upon her, upon her, she had been superior to that human nature had not a sense of dismay struck upon her at its being thus suddenly wrested from them. She knew not what her husband's means might be; whether he had anything or nothing by saving or otherwise, that he could call his own, apart from the revenues of the Hold; but she did know enough to be sure that it could not be a tithe enough to keep them; and where were they to go with their helpless daughters? That these unpleasant considerations floated through her mind in a confused, vague vision was true; but far above them a rush of thought, of care, closer to the present hour. Her brother had said—and there was a determination not to be mistaken in his tone—that unless Mr. Chattaway produced Rupert Treviyn, he should publicly charge him with the murder. Nothing but the strongest control exercised upon herself could have restrained Mrs. Chattaway from starting forward and avowing all, when she heard this. Mr. Chattaway was a man not held in the world's favor, but he was her husband; and in her eyes his faults and failings had ever appeared in a venial light. She would have given much to stand out and say, "You are accusing my husband wrongfully; Rupert is alive, and I am concealing him."

But she did not dare to do this. That very husband would have replied, "Then I order Rupert into custody—how dared you conceal him?" She took an opportunity of whispering a question to George Ryle of the meaning of the warning he had despatched to her by Mora. George himself could not explain it. He had met Bowen accidentally, and the officer had told him in confidence that they had received a mysterious hint, that Rupert Treviyn was not far off—hence George's warning to Mrs. Chattaway. It was to turn out that the *other* Rupert Treviyn had been spoken of; but neither Bowen nor George knew this.

George Ryle, sound of judgment, clear of perception, rapidly drew his own conclusion from this return of Squire Treviyn—that it would be the salvation of Rupert; that it was the very best thing that could have happened for him. It may be said, the only thing. The tether had been lengthened out to its extreme end, and to keep him much longer where he was, in concealment, would be an impossibility; or, if they so kept him, it would be his death. George Ryle saw that a powerful protector for Rupert might arise in Squire Treviyn.

"He must be told the truth," he whispered to Mrs. Chattaway.

"Yes, perhaps it may be better," she answered. "But I dare not tell him. Will you undertake it, feeling your ground as you go on?"

He nodded; and began to wonder what excuse he could invent for seeking a private conference with the newly returned squire. But whilst he plotted and planned, Maude rendered it unnecessary.

By a tacit idea of the fitness of things, the state-rooms at the Hold, generally kept for visitors, were assigned by Miss Diana to her brother. He was shown to them, and was in the act of gazing from the window at the well-remembered features of the old domain, when there stole in upon him one, white and tearless, but with a terrified, imploring despair in her countenance, if he ever saw despair.

"Maude, my child, what is it? I like your face, my dear, and I must have you henceforth for my very own child."

"Not me, Uncle Rupert; never mind me," she said, the kind, loving tone telling upon her breaking heart and bringing forth a gush of tears. "If you will but love my brother Rupert!—if you will but get Mr. Chattaway to pardon him!"

"But he may be dead, child."

"Uncle Rupert, if he were not dead—if you found him now—to-day," she reiterated, gazing up through her blinding tears—"would you deliver him up to justice? Oh, Uncle Rupert, don't blame him; don't visit it upon him! It was the Treviyn temper, and Mr. Chattaway should not have provoked it by besting him."

"*I* blame him? *I* deliver a Treviyn up to justice!" echoed Squire Treviyn, with a threatening touch of the Treviyn temper at that very moment. "What are you saying, child? If Rupert is in life, he shall have

his visage lighted from beneath. Rubbish to the rest of a beast rich! the stolen were mine, in point of fact, not Chattaway's. Rupert Treviyn is my heir, and shall be recognized and received as such."

She sank down before him and laid her head upon his knee, trying subtly with the relief his words brought. Squire Treviyn placed his hand on her pretty hair, caressingly. "Don't grieve so, child; he may not be dead. I'll find him if he is to be found. I'll look up the police; they shall know they have got a Squire Treviyn among them again."

"Uncle Rupert"—and she looked her trembling fingers nervously within his as she spoke and lifted her wet eyes to his face —"I can tell you where Rupert is. He is very near to us, lying in concealment, lying ill, almost dying. We have not dared to tell of it, and the secret is nearly killing me."

He listened in amazement; he questioned her, until he gathered the comprehensive facts, not yet the details.

"Who has known of this, do you say?"

"My Aunt Edith, and I, and the doctor; and—and—George Ryle."

The very conscious reticence (if it may be so said) with which the last name was brought out, the sudden blush on the downcast cheeks, whispered a tale to Squire Treviyn.

"Hallos, Miss Maude! I read a secret. That will not do, you know. I cannot spare you from the Hold for all the George Ryles in the world. You must be its mistress."

"My Aunt Diana will be that," murmured Maude, with a hidden face.

"That she never shall while I am its master," was the rejoinder, spoken with emphatic earnestness. "If Diana could look quietly on and see her father deceived, or help to deceive him; see Chattaway usurp the Hold to the exclusive of Joe's son, and join in the usurpation, she has forfeited all claim in courtesy to it; she shall neither reign in it, nor reside in it. No, my little Maude, you must live with me, the mistress of Treviyn Hold."

Maude's tears was flowing in silence. She kept her head down.

"What is George Ryle to you?" somewhat sternly asked Squire Treviyn. "Do you love him?"

"I had no one else to love; they were not kind to me, except my Aunt Diana," was her murmured answer.

He sat playing with her hair as it lay on his knee, his head bent in thought. "Is he a good man, Maude? Upright—honorable —just?

"Test; and more," she softly whispered.

"And I suppose you love him? Would it quite break your heart now were I to issue my edict that you could never have him; to say you must turn him over to Octave Chattaway?"

It was but a word said at random. Maude took it differently, and she lifted for a moment her glowing face. "But he does not like Octave; it is Octave who likes—"

She had spoken all in impulse, and now that recollection came to her she faltered and stopped. Squire Treviyn, undignified as it was, broke into a sudden while, and whistled through a full line of a song.

"I see, young lady. And so Mr. George has had the taste to like somebody better than Octave. Well, perhaps I should, in his place."

"But about Rupert?" she pleaded.

"Ah, about Rupert. I must go at once and see him. Mark Canham stared at me as I came through the gate just now like one scared out of his wits. He must have been puzzled by the likeness."

Squire Treviyn went down to the hall and was putting on his hat when they came flocking around, asking whether he was going out, offering to accompany him, Diana requesting him to wait while she put her bonnet on. But he waived them off: he would prefer to stroll out alone, he said; he might look in and get a talk with some of his father's old dependants—if any of them were left.

George Ryle was standing outside, deliberating how he should convey the communication, little thinking that it was already conveyed. Squire Treviyn came up and passed his arm within his.

"I am going to the lodge," he remarked. "You may know why, and whom I want to see."

"You have heard then?" exclaimed George.

"Yes. From Maude. By-the-by, Mr. George, what secret understanding is there between you and that young lady?"

George looked surprised; but he was not one to lose his equanimity.

"It is no longer a secret, sir. I have confided it to Miss Diana. If Mr. Chattaway will grant me the lease of a farm that I am wishing for, I shall speak to him."

"Mr. Chattaway! The farms don't belong to him now, but to me."

George laughed.

"Yes, I forget. I must come to you for it, sir; I want to take the Upland."

"And you'd like to take Maude with it."

"I crave leave her with it."

"Softly, sir. Maude belongs to me just as the farms do; and I can tell you we your disposition, and you must make the best of it, for I cannot spare her from the Hold. Treviyn don't even h. I am not come home to turn my self disputed; I am a true Treviyn."

A somewhat uncomfortable silence ensued, and lasted until they neared the lodge. George entered it without ceremony. Old Mark, who was sitting before the hearth apparently in deep thought, turned his head, saw who was coming in, rose as quickly as his rheumatism allowed him, and stared as if he saw an apparition.

"Do you know me, Mark?"

"To my dazed eyes it looks like the squire," was Mark's answer, slowly shaking his head after the manner of one thunderstruck. "But I know that it cannot be. I stood at these gates as he was carried out to his last home I' the churchyard at Barbrook. The squire were older, too."

"The squire left a son, Mark."

"No!" burst forth the old man after a pause, as the light flashed upon him. "Sir—sir! You can surely, never be the young heir, Mr. Rupert, that we have all mourned for as dead?"

"Do you remember the young heir's features, Mark?"

"Ay, I have never forgot 'em, sir."

"Then look at mine."

There was doubt no longer; and Mark Canham, in his enthusiastic joy, attempted to kneel, forgetting his rheumatism. He brought himself up with a groan.

"I be fit for nothing now but to nurse my rheumatis, sir. And you be the true Rupert Treviyn! You'll be the squire from henceforth? Oh, sir, say it!"

"I am the squire, Mark," was the quiet answer. "But I come here to see another Rupert Treviyn—he who will be the squire after me."

Old Mark shook his head. He glanced to the staircase as he spoke, and dropped his voice to a whisper, as if fearing that it might penetrate aloft to one who was lying there.

"If he don't get better soon, sir, he'll never live to be the squire. He's very ill. Circumstances have been again him; it can't be denied; but maybe it was in his constitution from the first to go off as his father, poor Mr. Joe, went off."

"Nonsense," said the squire. "We'll get him well all one way."

"And what of Csattaway?" asked old Canham. "He'll never forego his vengeance, sir. I have been in mortal fear over since Master Rupert have been lying here. The fear had some'at o' selfishness in it also, maybe," he added, ingeniously; "for Chattaway, he'd turn me right off without a minute's warning, happen he come to know of it. He have never liked my being at the lodge at all, sir; he'd ha' sent me away times and again but for Miss Diana."

"Ah," said the squire "Well, it does not rest with him now. What has he allowed you, Mark?"

"Half-a-crown a week, sir."

"Half-a crown a week!" repeated Squire Treviyn, his mouth curling with displeasure. "How have you lived?"

"It haven't been but a poor live at best, sir," was the simple answer. "Ann, she works hard, at home or out, but she don't earn much. Her eyes be bad, sir; happen you may call to mind as they was always weak and ailing. The squire he fixed my pay here at five shillings a week, and Chattaway changed it when he come into power. Miss Diana's good to us; but for her and the bit o' money Ann can earn, I don't see as we could ha' got along at all."

"Would you like the half crown changed back again to five shillings, Mark?"

"I should think it was fortin come to me right off, sir."

"Then you may reckon that it is come from this day."

He moved to the staircase as he spoke, leaving the old man in an ecstacy of delight. Ann Canham, who had shrunk away into hiding, came forward now. Her father turned to her triumphantly.

"Didn't I tell ye it was the squire? And you to go on at me saying I was gone clean of my wits to think it! I knowed it was no other."

"But you said it was the dead squire, father," was poor Ann's meek response.

"It's all the same," cried old Canham "There'll be a Treviyn at the Hold again; and our five shillings a week to come back to us. Bless the Treviyns! they was always open-handed."

"Father, what a dreadful come down for Chattaway! What will he do? He'll have to turn out."

"Serve him right!" shouted Mark. "How many homes have he made empty in his time! Ann, girl, I have kep' my eyes a bit open through life, in spite of having the limbs cramped with rheumatiz, and I never failed to notice one thing—that them who are fond o' making others' homes desolate, generally finds their own desolate afore they die. Law me! Folks talk o' 'venging themselves again the oppressor! let 'em leave their cause in God's hands. He won't forget. Chattaway 'll get a taste now of what he have been so fond o' dealing out to others—hardship. I hope the bells 'll ring the day he turns out o' the Hold!"

"But ma'am will have to turn out with him!" meekly suggested Ann Canham.

It took Mark aback. He liked madam as much as he disliked her husband.

"Happen something 'll be thought of for madam," said he. "Maybe the new squire 'll keep her with him at the Hold."

George Ryle had gone on upstairs, and prepared the wondering Rupert for the appearance of his uncle. As the latter entered, his tall head bowing, his pretty floral trailing the stairs crank, he halted in dismay. Joy, in a variety of feelings; but dismay was perhaps the most prominent. In the fair face bent towards him from the bed, the large blue eyes, the bright, falling hair he believed for the moment he saw the beloved brother Joe of his youth. But in the hollow cheeks, with their crimson hectic, the drawn face, the parched and fevered lips, the ghastly hands, the attenuate frame, he read too surely the marks of the disease which had taken off that brother, the death Mark Canham had hinted at as being dreaded; and a conviction seated itself in the squire's mind that he must look elsewhere for the heir to Treviyn.

"My poor boy! Joe's boy! It is this place that is killing you!"

"No, Uncle Rupert, it is not all that. It is the fear."

Squire Treviyn could not breathe. He looked up to the one pane, and pushed it open with his stick. The cold air came in, and he seemed relieved, drawing a long breath. But the same current that was grateful to him found its way to the lungs of Rupert, and he began to cough violently.

"It is the draught," panted the poor invalid.

George Ryle closed the pane again, and the squire bent over the bed.

"We must have you to the Hold at once, Rupert."

The hectic faded on Rupert's face.

"It is not possible," he answered. "Mr. Chattaway would denounce me."

"Denounce you!" hotly repeated Squire Treviyn. "Denounce my nephew and my brother Joe's son! He had better let me see him attempt it."

In the hasty impulse, characteristic of the Treviyns, the squire turned to descend the stairs. He was going to have Rupert brought home at once. George Ryle followed him and arrested him in the avenue.

"Pardon me, Squire Treviyn. You must first of all make sure of Chattaway—that he will be harmless. I am not clear also but you must make sure of the police."

"What do you mean?"

"The police have the matter in hand. *Can* they relinquish it, even for you?"

They stood gazing at each other in doubt and discomfort. It was an unpleasant phase of the affair; and one which had certainly not until that moment presented itself to the view of Squire Treviyn.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A CONVERSATION WITH MR. CHATTAWAY.

They stood together deep in dispute—Squire Treviyn of the Hold, and he who had so long reigned at the Hold, its usurper. In that very rick-yard which had recently played so prominent a part in the career of the unhappy Rupert, stood they: the squire, bold, towering, haughty; Chattaway, cowardly, shrinking, indecisive.

It was of that very Rupert they were talking. Squire Treviyn, on the termination of his visit to the lodge, had hastened to look for Chattaway, and had found him in the rick-yard; he urged upon him the claims of Rupert for forgiveness, for immunity from the consequences of his crime; he urged upon him its *necessity*; for a Treviyn, he said, must not be disgraced. And Mr. Chattaway appeared to be turning obstinate; to say that he never would forgive him or release him from its consequences.

"You have not succeeded in finding Rupert," said the Squire. "I shall succeed—"

"How do you know that?" interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"I have no doubt whatever of it," was the reply—for, as you may readily comprehend, Squire Treviyn had not yet disclosed what he knew to Mr. Chattaway. "But before I set about the search in earnest, I must have an understanding with you. James Chattaway, I would recommend you to hold him harmless."

Mr. Chattaway pointed to the blackened spots, scarcely yet cleared of their darkened *debris* "Is a crime like that to be pardoned?" he asked.

"What caused the crime? Who drove him to it?"

Mr. Chattaway had no plausible answer at hand.

"When you married into the Treviyn family, you (as may be said) married into its faults," resumed the squire. "At any rate, you became fully acquainted with them. You knew as much of that failing, the Treviyn temper—as the neighborhood has been pleased to term it—as we ourselves knew. I ask you, then, how could you be so unwise—to put the question in a moderate spirit—as to provoke it?"

"Evil tempers can be subdued," returned Mr. Chattaway. "And ought to be."

"Just so. They can be, and they ought to be. But, unfortunately, we don't all of us do as we can and ought. Do you? I have heard say in the old days that James Chattaway's spirit was a sullen one: have you subdued its sullenness?"

"I wish you'd not wander from the point, Mr. Treviyn."

"I am keeping pretty near to the point. But I can go nearer to it if you please. How could you, James Chattaway, dare to horsewhip a Treviyn? Your wife's nephew, and her brother's son! Whatever might be the provocation—but so far as I can learn there was not just cause or provocation—how came you so far to forget yourself and your temper as to strike him? One possessing the tiniest spirit ever put into man might be expected to turn at the cruel insult that you inflicted on Rupert. Did you do it with the intention of calling up the Treviyn temper?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Chattaway.

"It will not do to say nonsense to me. The setting on fire of the rick was your fault, not his; the crime was led to by you; and I, the actual owner of those ricks, shall hold you responsible for it. Yes, James Chattaway, those ricks were mine; you need not disclaim what I say; the ricks were mine then, as they are now. They have been mine, in point of actual fact, ever since my father's death. You may rely upon one thing—that had I known the injustice that was being enacted, I should have returned long ago."

"Injustice?" cried Mr. Chattaway. "What injustice?"

"What injustice! Heart alive, man, has there been anything *but* injustice? When my father's breath went out of his body, his legitimate successor (in my absence and supposed death) was his grandson Rupert; this very Rupert whom you have been goading on to ill, perhaps to death. Had my brother Joe lived, would you have allowed *him* to succeed, pray?"

"But your brother Joe did not live; he was dead."

"You evade the question."

"It is a question that will answer no end if replied to," cried Mr. Chattaway, biting his thin lips, and feeling very like a man who is about to be driven at bay. "Of course he would have succeeded. But he was dead, and Squire Treviyn chose to make his will in my favor, and appoint me his successor."

"Beguiled to it by treachery. He was suffered to go to his grave never knowing that a grandson, a direct heir, was born to him. James Chattaway, were I guilty of the like treachery, I could not rest in my bed. I should dread that the anger of God would be ever coming down upon me."

"The squire did well," growled Mr. Chattaway. "What would an infant have done with Treviyn Hold?"

"Granted for a single moment, for the sake of argument, that it had been inexpedient to leave Treviyn Hold to an infant, it was not to you it should have been left. If Squire Treviyn must have bequeathed it to a son-in-law, it should have been to him who was the husband of his eldest daughter, Thomas Ryle."

"Thomas Ryle!" contemptuously ejaculated Mr. Chattaway. "A poor hardworking farmer—"

"Don't attempt to disparage Thomas Ryle to me, sir," thundered the squire; and the voice, the look, the hastily-rising anger were so like the old squire of the days gone by, that Mr. Chattaway positively recoiled. "Thomas Ryle was a good and honorable man, respected by all; he was a gentleman by birth and breeding; he was a gentleman in mind and manners—and that could never be said for you, James Chattaway. Work? to be sure he worked, and so did his father. They had to work to live. Their farm was a poor one; and extra labor had to be bestowed on it to compensate for the money which ought to have been spent upon it, but which they had not got to spend, for their patrimony had dwindled away. They might have taken a more productive farm, but they preferred to stop upon that one because it was their own, descended to them from their forefathers. It had to be sold at last, but they still remained on it, and they worked, always hoping to make it prosper. You use the word 'work' as a term of reproach! Let me tell you, James Chattaway, that if the fact of working is to take the gentle blood out of a man, there'll not be much gentle blood left for the next generation. This is a working age; sir, the world has grown wise, and we most of us work with the hands or with the head Thomas Ryle's son is a gentleman, if I ever saw one—and I am mistaken if his looks belie his mind—and he works. Do not disparage Thomas Ryle again to me. I think there must lie on your mind a sense of the injury you did him, which induces it."

"What injury did I do Thomas Ryle?"

"To usurp Treviyn Hold over him was an injury. It was Rupert's; neither yours nor his; but had it come to one of you, it should have been his; you had no manner of right to it. And what about the two thousand pounds bond?"

Squire Treviyn asked the last question in an altered and very significant tone. Mr. Chattaway's green face grew greener.

"I held the bond, and I enforced its payment in justice to my wife and children. I could do no less."

"In justice to your wife and children" retorted Squire Treviyn. "James Chattaway, did a thought ever cross you of God's justice? I believe from my very heart that my father did cancel that bond upon his dying bed, that he died believing Thomas Ryle released from it; and that you, in your grasping, covetous nature, kept the bond with an eye to your own profit. Did you forget that the eye of the Great Ruler of all things was upon you, when you pretended to destroy that bond? The eye of your earthly master, Squire Treviyn, was soon to be closed in death, and you believed your

wounded; it may be said, not uncomfortably, for there was the antecedent which arises from strangeness. The young ladies stood peeping and listening; Octave came out as Dumps descended, and stared stealthily—it was strange to hear the tones of authority from other than her father or Miss Diana. As the squire was turning round, he encountered Diana.

"I have been inquiring after my nephew's chamber. Is it an airy one?"

"Your nephew's?" repeated Miss Diana, not understanding. "Do you mean Christopher's?"

"I mean Rupert's. Let me see it."

He stepped up the stairs as he spoke with the air of a man who was not born for contradiction. Miss Diana followed, wonderingly. The room she showed him was very small. The squire threw his head back.

"*This* his room? I see! It has been all of a piece. This room was a servant's, in my time. I am surprised at you, Diana."

"It is a sufficiently comfortable room," she answered; "and I used occasionally to indulge him with a fire in it. Rupert never complained."

"No, poor fellow! complaint would be of little use from him, and that he knew. Is there a large chamber in the house unoccupied? one that would do for an invalid."

"The only large spare rooms in the house are the two given to you," replied Miss Diana. "They are the best, as you know, and have been kept vacant for visitors. The dressing-room may be used as a sitting-room."

"I don't want it as a sitting-room or a dressing-room either," was the reply of the squire. "I like to dress in my bed room, and there are enough sitting rooms down stairs for me. Let this bed of Rupert's be carried down to it at once."

"Who for?"

"For one who ought to have occupied the best rooms from the first—Rupert. Had he been treated as he ought to be, Diana, he would not have brought this disgrace upon himself."

Miss Diana was wondering whether her ears deceived her.

"For Rupert?" she repeated. "Where is Rupert? Is he found?"

"He has never been lost," was the curt rejoinder. "He has been all the while literally within a stone's throw—sheltered by Mark Canham, whom I shall not forget."

She could not speak for perplexity; scarcely knowing whether to believe the words or not.

"Your sister Edith—and James Chattaway may thank fortune that she is his wife, or I should visit the past in a very different manner upon him—and little Maude, and that handsome son of Tom Ryle's, have been privy to the secret; have been visiting him in private; have been stealthily doing for him what they could do: but the fear and responsibility have been well-nigh driving Edith and Maude to sickness. That's where Rupert has been, Diana: where he is. I have not long come from him."

Anger blazed forth from the eyes of Miss Diana Treviyn.

"And why could not Edith have communicated the fact to me?" she cried. "I could have done for him better than they."

"Perhaps not," significantly replied the squire; "considering that Chattaway was the ruler of Treviyn Hold, and that you have been throughout an upholder of his policy. But Treviyn has another ruler now, and Rupert a protector."

Miss Diana made no reply. She was too vexed to make one. Turning away she flung a shawl over her shoulders, and marched onwards to the lodge, to pay a visit to the unhappy Rupert.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

How Mrs. Bonaparte Puts on Her Clothes.—A Paris correspondent thus gossips about the dresses of the Empress Eugenie. He says it is universally conceded that she is the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashions for the world; and employs not only *modistes* but *artists* to invent them. Her "department of ready made clothing" is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not begin to convey an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe. In the front centre of the ceiling of her Majesty's private dressing-room there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above filled with "presses," each containing a dress, exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these "presses" there is a little railway leading to the aforesaid trap-door, through which the dress is "descended" into the presence of the Empress. If it pleased her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place; and not unfrequently another, and another, and another; so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion. In public the Empress never looks over dressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilette, while everything, in material, fit and color, it is as complete in harmony as a Sonata of Beethoven.

☞ The Canadians are so troubled as to what town should be the seat of government, that the best plan would seem to be to locate the government on railway cars, and move it along the various lines through the provinces, stopping in turn at the principal stations. This would give all a turn.

☞ An Irishman seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "By the Saint O'Denis O'Sligo, is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living crather?"

NEWS ITEMS.

The abandonment of Forts Wagner and Gregg, by the rebels, allows Gillmore to advance his batteries one mile nearer Charleston, and makes them so much the more efficient in service. The distance from Fort Gregg to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, is a mile and a half. Battery Bee, on the same island, and north from Moultrie, will, like the latter, be within easy range of Gillmore's heavy guns, either at the Cummings' Point battery or at Fort Wagner.

The Arlington Estate.—Some writers have erred in speaking of the Arlington estate, near Washington city, as having once belonged to General Washington. It was the property of the Custis family, and when Washington married the widow Custis, he had charge of it in trust for her son, and afterward for her grandson, the late G. W. P. Custis, to whom it reverted. Mr. Custis married a daughter of William Fitzhugh, of Chatham, (who had married a Mrs. Randolph,) and they left one child, a daughter, who married Robert E. Lee, now at the head of the rebel army in Virginia.

Blowing out a Thief.—A new method of tracking a thief was employed the other day by the engineer who is working on one of the Austrian railways. He noticed that for some time back money had frequently disappeared out of his desk, and without telling any one what he intended doing, he put his desk in communication with an electric wire, and placed a petard in the anteroom. The electric wire was put in contact with a packet of money, so that in removing the money the friction produced on the wire would ignite the petard. All these preparations made, the engineer placed the money in his desk, and left, saying he should be absent for some little time. A few hours later a loud report frightened all the clerks and other people employed at the office greatly. They all rushed to the spot from which the noise proceeded, the engineer being among them, and there they discovered the thief, stunned by the explosion, and perhaps the most alarmed of all present. He was one of the railway porters.

Awkward Blunder.—A gentleman from the country, in trying to find a convention that was in session in a public hall in Hartford was puzzled by the winding stairs and opened various doors in vain. One door that he opened disclosed a lady in Mother Eve's costume before the fall, she being in the act of getting into a bath, and had forgotten to lock the door,—and the intruder stood dumbfounded, with open mouth, while the lady grabbed such articles of apparel as she could and wrapped them about her. We find the story in the Courant, which paper concludes it thus:

All of a sudden the wondering mortal at the door bursts out: "Madam, I'm trying to find the convention in——Hall; but I judge from appearances this isn't the place." She thought so, too.

The Latest Wrinkle.—Among the latest bijouterie imported from France are walking canes of rare wood, with ornamental heads, filled to which are elegant long setters, of great power, doing double duty as spy glasses and handles to the canes. The price is only twelve dollars for the entire affair. To produce the same article in this country would cost about fifty dollars.

A hand in steel, mounted in gilt, grasping the delicate longnette was the pattern of one among others. The longnette was an excellent telescope with two slides, an inch and a quarter in diameter at the thicker end. They would make an excellent accompaniment to a corn color gostee, a lisp, and a head of sorrel hair parted in the middle.

☞ A farmer at Adams, Mass., lately got so mad with the weather, that he dumped his hay into the river. Probably he felt a great deal better. He certainly didn't hurt the weather, and would have done better had he sown turnips.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little or no change in the market for flour. About 10,000 bbls found buyers, in lots, at $8,50@8,75 for middlings; $4,50@5,75 for low grade and good old stock extra and extra family; $5 for fresh ground extra; $5,25 for extra family; $6@6,50 for extra family; and $7@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy Western. The trade are buying to a fair extent within the above range of prices. Rye Flour is scarce and wanted at $5 ₱ bbl, with very little offering or selling. Corn Meal is quiet at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4,25 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat the demand is limited, with sales of 20,000 bush, taken for milling, at $1,10@1,29 for inferior to good and choice new Red; $1,29@1,35 for old do, and $1,40 to $1,55 for White, the latter for Kentucky at $1,51. Rye is quiet, with sales of 5000 bush at 86@86c for New, and 90@98c for Old. Corn is better but less active, with sales of 40,000 bush at 82@83c for Western mixed, and 84@85c for prime Yellow, which is scarce. Oats are very active; about 30,000 bush sold at 62@63c for New, and 68@70c for Old. Barley and Malt continue dull and unsettled.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for bbld Meats is limited and prices unchanged, with small sales at 13½@15 for Mess Pork, and $12@16 for Mess Beef, the latter for city packed. 500 bbls city Mess Pork and 200 bbls Western Beef on private terms kept private. Bacon moved off as wanted at 12c for plain and 13@13½c for fancy bagged Hams, 6@6½c for Shoulders, and 7½@7½c for Sides. Green Meats are better, with sales of 500 pkgs at 7½@9½c for Hams in salt, and 5½@6½c for Shoulders. Lard is firmer, and 450 tes prime Western brought 10½c, which is generally held higher; some No 1 and 2 sold at 9@9½c, and Greene at 8½@8½c; kegs are scarce at 11½@11¾c. Butter is firmer, and prime lots scarce and in demand at 18@20c for Roll, and 22@23c for Choice Print. Cheese is wanted, and selling at 11½@11¾c, which is an advance. Eggs have advanced to 20c ₱ dozen, with sales at that figure.

COTTON.—The market continues firm and on the advance; prices are 1@2c better than last week, with sales of 350 bales to note, in small lots, at 55@60c for ordinary, and 65@75c for ordinary to strictly good middling quality, cash; closing quiet at 70@72c for middlings.

ASHES.—The market is firmer, but without much doing in either Pots or Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly, and the market is steady, with sales of about 100 hhds lst No 1 Queercitron, in lots, at $30 ₱ ton; fine ground only is saleable at this figure. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX.—There is very little offering, and the demand is limited at about 40c ₱ lb.

COAL.—There is rather more doing both for shipment and home use, and the market is firm.

COFFEE.—The market is firmer and rather more active; the sales are confined to some 500 bags, mostly Rio, at 39@40c, cash and four months.

COPPER is dull and prices the same. Yellow metal sells as wanted at 37½ for sheets and 38c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are coming and selling in lots, as wanted, at about 60c ₱ lb for good Western.

FRUIT.—Green fruit is more plenty. Peaches sell freely at 75@$1,25 ₱ basket, and Apples at $2@3 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is dull.

HAY is coming freely, and commands $20@23 ₱ ton.

HEMP is firm but quiet.

HOPS are quiet at 18@20c for Eastern and 16@17c for Western. The new crop is about coming in.

IRON.—The market is firm, 1000 tons Scotch No 3 and 3at $60@62, delivered at Philadelphia. We quote Anthracite within the range of $45@50 for the former grades, and $50@55 for No 1, on time. Of Scotch pig small sales are reported at $34, cash, and Soulers firm. Manufactured Iron is unchanged.

LEAD is dull and 2000 pigs Galena have been disposed of at $7,25 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is arriving and selling more freely, and a Pine Lumber trade is looked for. Yellow Sap do move off as wanted at $40@45, and White Pine Shingles at $1@2@2 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—There is more firmness in the market. Sales reach 400 hhds, mostly in the clayed and 30@31c for Cuba Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER is in good demand at $4@4¼ ₱ ton.

RICE is firm but quiet at 7¼@7½c for East India.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and we quote good to prime at $6,50@6,75 ₱ bush. Timothy comes in slowly, and meets with ready sale at $4,75@5,25 ₱ bush; the demand is very active. Flaxseed—the sales are moderate at $2,20@2,22 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin. N E Rum is scarce and wanted at 90@95c. Whisky is dull and sales to some extent are reported at 52@53c for bbls and 51@51½c for Drudge.

SUGARS are ¼@¾c better, with sales of 1200 hhds to note at 10¾@12 for Cuba, and 13 @14c for New Orleans, on time, the latter for Clarified.

TALLOW is in request, and holders are asking an advance with sales of city at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market is quiet.

WOOL.—The market is rather more active, with sales of about 120,000 lbs to note at 62½@65c for common, and 66@70c for medium and fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3025 head. The prices realized from 9 to 10 cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $40 to $75 ₱ head. 14,000 Sheep were sold at from 4¼ to 5c ₱ gross. 320 Hogs at from $7,50 to $8,25 ₱ cwt.

THE ONLY TRUE PURGATIVES.
THE ONLY TRUE PURGATIVES.
THE ONLY TRUE PURGATIVES.
DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

"I would rather have one box of Dr. Radway's Pills, than all other pills in the world. They are pills that cure. When you take a dose of these pills, you can depend upon the expulsion of the diseased humors from the system: the Liver, Bowels, Stomach, Kidneys, System, Skin and Blood are acted upon, and the bowels, after an operation induced by Radway's Pills, are left as clean and healthy as the stomach would be after a dose of lobelia. No straining, weakness, or wrenching pains, or piles of tenesmus, but a thorough and natural evacuation is the result."

This is the testimony of one of the most distinguished physicians in the world. Never were truer words uttered. "Radway's Pills are pills that cure." The sufferer of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Costiveness, Jaundice, Dropsy, &c., may rely upon an absolute cure, by the use of one to six boxes. It is not necessary to take these pills for months or years to accomplish a cure. They should be used in all cases where a cathartic is required.

"Sold by Druggists."

WAR ITEMS.

We have encouraging reports from the army of the Pain Killer. One writes:—"My little bottle of Pain Killer was worth more to me than its weight in gold. The fatigue of our first week's march and exposure, which put so many of our noble fellows on the sick list, thanks to that little bottle, only left me stronger and hardier than when I left home. It cured a comrade of the camp diarrhœa in a few hours."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Capt. Thomas J. Bush, U. S. A., to Miss Frances E. Shrafter, of Canton, Ohio.

On the 13th of Aug. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Miss Kate Turner, to Mr. Thomas H. Lowber, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. Richard D. Cantes, to Miss Mary E. Nickell, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. Robert L. Dick, to Mrs. Mary McComber, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. George Bringhurst, Abram Brown, to Rebecca L. Meyaine, both of this city.

On the 27th of Aug. by the Rev. Thomas B. Barker, Lieut. Joseph Gould, to Miss Emma M. Williams, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, Mr. Frederick J Reutlinger, to Miss Mary C. Leitenberger, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. James Nealey, to Miss Susan Day, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Philadelphia, on Friday, the 4th instant, John Edward Wilder, of Arsey Town, Burlington county, N. J., in his 31st year.

On the 7th instant, Jane, wife of Alexander Bacon.

On the 8th instant, Bennerville De Brown, in his 26th year.

On the 8th instant, Martha Eyre, wife of Peter A. Keyser.

On the 7th instant, in Germantown, George Fox, in his 75th year.

On the 7th instant, Margaret, daughter of Chas. and Sarah Lex, in her 35th year.

On the 6th instant, Peter Sims, in his 72d year.

On the 6th instant, Gideon Prichett, aged 70 years.

On the 6th instant, Elizabeth Moffitt, in her 56th year.

On the 5th instant, Peter Robinson, aged 32 years.

On the 5th instant, Malvina R. Clark, in her 33d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, San Jose Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Box 71 & 72 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Shannon Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. R. LEWIS, 56 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ An army correspondent, writing from Mississippi, says:—"To give you the 'Southern fireside' idea of a Yankee, I relate the following, as occurring while we were at Liberty: A little boy of about six years came up to Captain Holbrook, of the 72nd Regiment, with mouth and ears wide open, and says, 'Why, you ain't like how we ain't!' 'Certainly,' said the captain; 'what did you think we were like?' 'Why, I thought you had tails,' was the reply."

☞ "Gentlemen," said a farmer writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 Machine, Silver Plated, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 90,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 3 Machine, Plain, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $55,00
Half Case, Paneled, 50,00
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The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Post—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

PIANO FORTE TEACHERS SAY that with RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD they are exabled to impart a thorough knowledge of Piano Playing with far less difficulty and greater rapidity than by any other system, and the scholar is better pleased with his daily progress, and looks forward to his next lesson as a pleasant pastime rather than as an irksome task. The usual dull and wearisome exercises for practice are in this NEW METHOD superseded by charming Melodies that please the ear while they assist the pupil in his efforts to become an excellent pianist. Sent post-paid on receipt of Three Dollars.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Publishers, Boston.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT—Died of Croup!—What a pretty and interesting child I saw last week! But now, alas! it is no more. Such was the conversation of two gentlemen riding down town in the cars. Died of Croup! how strange! when Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is a certain cure, if taken in time. Now, mothers, we appeal to you. It is not for the paltry gain and profit we make, but for the sake of your infant child that now lies playing at your feet. Croup is a dangerous disease; but use Dr Tobias' Venetian Liniment in time, and it is robbed of its terrors. Always keep it in the house; you may not want it tonight, or to-morrow, no telling when—but armed with this Liniment you are prepared, let it come when it will.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists. sep19-eow2t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

Address CRADDOCK & CO.,
jly11-13t 225 N. SECOND St., Philada., Pa.

500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Whiskers and Mustaches—Gold and Silver—Love, Courtship, &c.—The Hunter's Secret—Angler's Secret, and a host of other Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Address J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J. aug22-9t

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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30 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK and EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may8-1y

MADAME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHION, fall number.
READY SEPTEMBER 5th.
OPENING OF PARIS FASHIONS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
Mrs. M. A. BINDER, importer and designer of French, English and American Fashions, with open on Tuesday, September 1st, a choice selection of Paper Patterns for the fall of 1863, wholesale and retail. Dress and Cloak making in all its branches, and a perfect fit warranted. Quilting in Sheets, and all the fancy stitches. Pinked, Plaiting and Gathering, Stamping and Braiding done to order. Pinking in every variety. La Boa Ties for sale.
Madame Demorest's Prize Medal Skirts, Pads, Shields, superior French Corsets, Hooks, Eyes, Charts and Quarterly Mirror of Fashion for sale. Also, Bradley's Patent Skirt Supporters.
Mrs. M. A. BINDER'S Temple of Fashion,
No. 1032 CHESTNUT Street,
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sep12-8t

B. FRANK PALMER,
Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 First Premiums won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in need of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the Animal in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

Washington, Oct. 16th, 1862.
Wm. Ralston,—Dear sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Vetenary Surgeon for the United States Army.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
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FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

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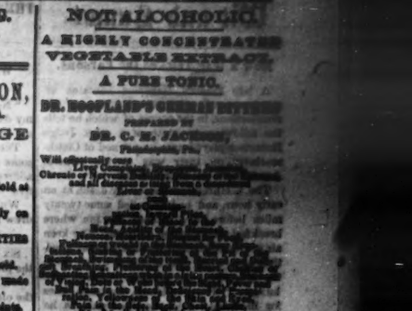
819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOT ALCOHOLIC!
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT!
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Will cure all cases of
Chronic or Nervous Debility,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach or Digestive Organs.



And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

THE GREAT
TONIC
—AND—
INVIGORATOR!
NO ALCOHOL IN IT!
Hoofland's German Bitters does not contain a drop of alcohol or any intoxicating substance whatever.

Hoofland's German Bitters
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of time, and have received the unqualified approval of thousands who have used them, and who are now willing to testify to their wonderful virtues.

The Proprietors have thousands of letters from the following classes of persons:

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians and Citizens,

Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the benefits they have derived from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT STRENGTH?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD DIGESTION?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF THE BLUES?
DO YOU WANT A CLEAR SKIN AND COMPLEXION?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
IF YOU DO, USE
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Prepared by DR. C. M. JACKSON, at the
GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Price $1 per bottle.

Hoofland's German Bitters
Will cure Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Headache, Diseases of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Skin, Diseases of the Blood, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Sick Headache, Colic, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Female Complaints, Piles, Worms, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Pain in the Chest, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Tumors, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Scurvy, Mercurial Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots on the Face, Tetter, Scald Head, Ringworm, Boils, Carbuncles, Coldness of the Extremities, Paralysis, Tic Doloreux, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Impotency, Involuntary Discharges, Sleeplessness, Low Spirits, Hypochondria, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Vision, Love of Solitude, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever, Ship Fever, Spotted Fever, Remittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Puerperal Fever, &c.

TO CHILDREN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of time, and have received the unqualified approval of thousands who have used them, and who are now willing to testify to their wonderful virtues. Parents may safely give this medicine to their children. It is perfectly harmless in its composition, containing nothing that can injure the most delicate child. It is pleasant to the taste, and will cure Worms, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever, Ship Fever, Spotted Fever, Remittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Puerperal Fever, &c.

TO LADIES.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Females suffering from Debility, Want of Appetite, Low Spirits, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Female Complaints, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever, Ship Fever, Spotted Fever, Remittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Puerperal Fever, &c.

TO THE AGED.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to the Aged, as a gentle stimulant is required in their case, to give tone to the system, and at the same time not intoxicate. Those who are debilitated, and have become so from the infirmities of age, will find in Hoofland's German Bitters the exact remedy they require.

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Are particularly recommended to Clergymen and Public Speakers, as a tonic is frequently required by them after speaking. They are the purest and best tonic ever offered to the public.

TO THE STUDENT.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Students and Literary Men, as a tonic is frequently required by them after mental exertion.

TO THE MERCHANT.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Merchants, Clerks, Mechanics, Lawyers, Editors, Ministers, Seamstresses, and persons of sedentary habits, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

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Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Farmers, Planters, Overseers, Mechanics, Boatmen, Miners, Soldiers, Sailors, Emigrants, and persons exposed to the changes of climate, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE INVALID.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Invalids, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

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Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to the Weak, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE SOLDIER.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Soldiers, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE SAILOR.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Sailors, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE EMIGRANT.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Emigrants, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE WEST INDIA PLANTER.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to West India Planters, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to South Americans, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE CHINESE.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Chinese, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

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Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Africans, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE AUSTRALIAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Australians, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE EUROPEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Europeans, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to North American Indians, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NEGRO.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Negroes, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE MEXICAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Mexicans, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE CUBAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Cubans, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the West India Islands, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE EAST INDIA ISLANDS.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the East India Islands, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Mediterranean Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Atlantic Ocean, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Arctic Ocean, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Antarctic Ocean, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Indian Ocean, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Gulf of Mexico, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Caribbean Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY OF BENGAL.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Bay of Bengal, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE CHINESE SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Chinese Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE ARABIAN SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Arabian Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE RED SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Red Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE BLACK SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Black Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE CASPIAN SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Caspian Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE DEAD SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Dead Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly recommended to Natives of the Islands of the Mediterranean Sea, as a tonic is frequently required by them.

TO THE NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
Hoofland's German Bitters
Are particularly rec

Wit and Humor.

How a Wag Tricked the Parsons.

A late Fraser's Magazine contains an article about Scottish parsons of the writer's recollections, in the course of which he tells the following anecdote of a trick Judge Robertson played upon the Synod of Clesikmaclever on their way to the General Assembly of the Scotch Kirk:

The brethren had started by coach at an early hour, and had travelled some twenty miles before they reached the inn where breakfast was prepared for them. The keen air of our Northern hills sharpens the appetite; and when the brethren drove up to the inn, they were almost famished with hunger. "Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast," said the coachman, as he entered the landlady's snug little parlor, to have his own. Ten minutes! The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room where the breakfast was spread, and there, basking his ample person before the fire, stood a portly gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dignitary of the church of England. Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands.

Half way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of "Stop!" It was the supposed dean or bishop. "Good heavens, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "have you so far forgotten your sacred profession as to partake of food without invoking a blessing!" The brethren looked like school-boys detected in some flagrant fault; but before they had time to remonstrate or explain, the same voice exclaimed, in a voice which enforced obedience, "Let us pray." They instinctively sprang to their feet, and assumed the attitude of decorous devotion, while the stranger offered up a prayer, which they themselves admitted, was superior in unction and expression to those of Dr. Drawitout himself. He had only one fault; he did not know when to stop. The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplication flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle, the brethren had, as they closed one eye in devotion, and ogled the savory viands with the other; but when a hand approached it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all.

The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the deputations from the Synod of Cleishmaclaver; but all things must have an end. "Time is up, gentlemen," said the coachman, opening the door and wiping his mouth with the air of one who had enjoyed his breakfast. The appearance of the coachman and the sound of his familiar voice broke the spell, but there was no time to be lost; the horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground in their impatience to start; so they had to take their seat and turn breakfast and dinner into one. "Was that the Bishop of D——?" said one of the famished brethren. "That the Bishop of D——?" said the coachman, contemptuously; "why, that was Lord P——, the maddest wag in all the kingdom." The brethren said nothing, but "chewed the cud of sweet but bitter fancy," till they reached the next halting place, where they got something more substantial to chew. Somehow the story oozed out, and the trick played on the members of the Synod of Cleishmaclaver called forth many a hearty laugh at the Lord High Commissioner's levees, and seriously affected the gravity of the Moderator himself.

ANECDOTES.

A gentleman implored the conductor of a London omnibus, in gentle language, to "make haste and save his appointment in the Strand." The conductor cries to the driver, "Go on, Bill! Here's an old cove a cussin' and a swearin' like anything!" Another time, when a magnificent "swell," with his head in the air, walks out of Tattersall's, a street boy exclaims: "I say! They've let out that 'ere hanimal without his martingale on!" We can vouch for the fact of the following, which is still better:—A lady, teaching in a ragged school one Sunday evening, was trying to impress on her class of young city Arabs the duty of thankfulness to Providence; and, to begin at the lowest and most tangible proposition, asked them to mention the pleasures which in the course of the year they enjoyed the most; holidays on some fine neighboring downs being in her unsophisticated mind the probable reply to her question, or, at the worst, the good Christmas dinner provided by the guardians of the schools. The class, composed of ten or a dozen lads between sixteen and eighteen, all sat very still for a moment in profound cogitation. Then the leader lifted his head, looked the lady straight in the face, and answered, "Cockfightin', ma'am."

The position of the unhappy teacher, reduced to draw a moral of thankfulness from that particular species of enjoyment, needs no elucidation.

On a different occasion, some other boys of the same description being asked to define what conscience might be, answered that it was "a thing a lady or gentleman hadn't got, who, when a lad found their handkerchief, and gave them back to them, didn't give the boy sixpence."

THE LATEST SENSATION ROMANCE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD, JR.

Wm. Baker, the Young Patriot.

I.

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again!" angrily cried the old man.

"Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here, your daughter's equal, and yours!"

The old man's lip curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his old features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried:

"See! Look on this wealth! and I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the —— with beef,—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—"

"I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make, too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand."

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried Wm. Baker.

"Ahh," cried the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am! I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! And, whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government!"

ANNE BOLEYN.

The unhappy fate of Anne Boleyn calls for commiseration, and there are probably few who would deny the claim. It is at the same time strictly true that Anne betrayed anything but true womanly delicacy in sueing for the affections of a king while he was the husband of another. The stroke which fell on her was but a Nemesis, though a too severe one, for the divorce of Catharine, to which Anne allowed herself to be conducive.

It may fairly be assumed that, but for his position towards Boleyn, Henry would have been little troubled by conscientious scruples as to his marriage with the widow of a deceased brother. As the law, however, seemed to favor him, he was polite enough to accept of its services.

All the host of clergy and bishops, and councils and universities, with their propositions and counter-propositions, and their arguments out of Leviticus, must have seemed to him very amusing indeed—he all the time laughing in his sleeve. We get at the real case much better by slipping behind the scenes, by reading a few of the love-letters which were passing to and fro all the time between the lovers, or looking into Meg More's Libellus of domestic and daily occurrences.

Margaret More, Thomas More's eldest and dearest daughter, kept an occasional diary, to improve herself, as she tells us, in English composition. This book, besides giving us many most interesting glimpses of passing events, is in itself a sort of poem, and has a true human music in it, worthy to have come from her who (if we interpret aright Tennyson, in his Dream of Women,)

"Clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head."

Let us take a note of our lover's appearance, as Henry was to be seen in 1594. Speaking of her mother, Margaret More says:—"She calls him a fine man; he is indeed big enough, and like to become too big, with long slits of eyes that gaze freelie on all, as who should say, 'Who dare let or hinder us?' His brow betokens sense and frankness, his eyebrows are supercilious, and his cheeks puffy: a rolling, straddling gait, and abrupt speech."

And in 1526, we are informed indirectly, when the writer happens to be setting down something about Sir Thomas Boleyn, what is going on at court—"Mistress Anne is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scriptural injunction to Solomon's spouse, to forget her father's house. The king likes well enow to be compared with Solomon; but Mistress Anne is not his spouse yet, nor ever will be I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habits have spoilt her, I trow."

Mistress Anne had a clever woman's knack of drawing the king deeper into danger by judicious encouragement, and all the time keeping him in suspense. She knew how to play her cards, and to keep them out of sight. Here are two letters, of Henry to her and her to Henry, in which her arts are plainly visible:

HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN.

My Mistress and my Friend:—My heart and I surrender themselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us—for that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to mind a fact in astronomy, which is that, the farther the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more scorching is the heat. Thus it is with our love; absence has placed distance between us; nevertheless, fervor increases, *at least on my part, I hope the same from you*, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great that it would be intolerable, were it not *for the firm hope I have* of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible, that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place, when it pleaseth you. This is from the hand of Your servant and friend, H. R.

ANNE BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

Sir: It belongs only to the august mind of a great King, to whom nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favors so extraordinary an artless and short conversation with a girl. Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your Majesty's bounties, I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity; for, if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those who *are ready to consecrate their entire obedience to your desires?* How great so ever may be the bounties I have received, the joy that I feel in being loved by a King *whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart, if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him*, will ever be infinitely greater.

The warrant of maid of honor to the Queen induces me to think that your Majesty has some regard for me, since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you by my own lips, (which I shall do on the first opportunity,) that I am your Majesty's very obliged and very obedient servant, without any reserve.

ANNE BOLEYN.

The result of all this was just what might have been foreseen. Henry grew restless at the Pope's delay—which was indeed tedious, extending as it did over years—and so he cut the Gordian knot, first by a secret marriage, and then by a public one in 1533; and poor, unhappy Catharine, after having served him faithfully a matter of eighteen years, he willingly turned adrift. "And all," says Meg More, "for love of a brown girl, with a wen on her throat and an extra finger."

Henry was more concerned about the sea than any scruples of conscience, and in 1534 was pleased to prefer Lady Jane to either, upon which there followed a base accusation, a mockery of a trial, and the gleam of a bright axe.

☞ The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the maelstrom, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs, being a friend of Colorado Jewett.

PROFESSIONAL RECIPROCITY.

Country Parson.—"Robins, I'm sorry I don't see you at church more regularly."

Conscientious Butcher.—"Well, sir, I knows as I did ought to come to church oftener than I does—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

THE FIRST PENS AND INK.

A word or two on the subject of pens and ink as used by the copyists and ancient writers. Apart from the style, and which was not so much employed for writing as etching or engraving, the common pen of the ancients, called a calamus, was made from a reed of the Nile. Not but that the suitableness of quills for writing was known, but preference was shown for the calamus made from the reed. Occasionally, the calamus was made of gold or silver, but these were used only by people of rank. The usual accompaniments of the calamus on the writing-desk of the copyist were a knife to trim the pen, compasses for measuring the distances between the lines, and scissors for cutting the paper.

The Greeks and Romans greatly surpassed us in the variety and hue of their inks—black, red, purple, blue, green, gold, and silver being all found in the ancient manuscripts and works. The black, which in most of the old writings has become tawny or deep red, or sometimes vermilion—not faint and yellow, as with us—has occasionally, even in those of a great age, retained its pristine gloss and darkness, but it is supposed that in that case it has contained either powdered burned ivory or hard wood mixed with gum, which has formed a pigment thicker, no doubt, and less fluent than our modern ink, but much more durable. The lighter kind of black, again, is believed to have been the black liquor taken from the cuttle-fish.

Ladies' Head-Gear.—A writer from Saratoga, in the Boston Journal, says:

I have heard a great deal since I have been here about the rats and mice that ladies wear, and of the waterfalls that drip from their heads. It was a long time before I could understand the matter. But the fact seems to be this: The hair is worn in a peculiar way. The large puffs that bulge out the back of the hair are rats. The small ones that do the same service to the sides are mice—and the broad bands, plaited or not, that fall from the rear of the head, are called waterfalls. Cards are strewn about proffering services to ladies with a supply of rats, mice and waterfalls, which to the uninitated, seems rather odd.

☞ When two friends part in anger, they should lock up each other's secrets, and exchange the keys. The truly noble mind has no mean resentments.

Agricultural.

Treatment of Kicking Cows.—J. C., of Norfolk, Conn., says in a letter to the Agriculturist: "The following treatment, which I have tried for some years, has *never failed* to stop the evil. Put a strap round the cow just in *front* of the bag, and buckle it rather tight. If the cow tries to kick, draw the strap a little tighter. She will never get used to it, and it never does any injury. She will keep on eating as usual, but has no inclination to lift her feet, even to walk about." This may answer the purpose; the experiment is easily tried.

To Husbands.—Winter wood, prepared in advance and well seasoned, will make a sweet tempered wife, a warm room, and a cleanly well-cooked meal. It will cost less wood. It will work easier when dry than when green. It will make more ashes, which are among the best of manures. It will be a satisfaction to a man to know he has such wood on hand. Your fire will seldom go out; and if it does, it can readily be built with seasoned wood, but—can it with green?

Keeping Verbenas Over Winter.—My "better half" has no difficulty in keeping the Verbenas in the house through the winter; with her the question has been how to keep Verbenas in the open border. After many experiments she has succeeded the past winter by placing over the plant a frame made for protecting cucumber hills, having in it a 10 by 12 glass. The Verbenas remained in fine condition, fresh and green, all winter, was uncovered early in April, then growing vigorously, and on the 10th of May, was in full bloom. Those kept in the house are potted in the fall early enough to root well before freezing weather comes on; they are then placed in the east windows of our sitting room, where we have wood fires, and never allow the frost to enter. The plants are kept clean and moist; tobacco smoke (which I can supply whenever called upon,) applied when necessary, and thus the plants are kept healthy and vigorous through the entire winter. This spring they commenced blooming the last of March, were in full bloom by the middle of April, and now are in the garden as bright and beautiful as one can desire.

If one will but pay attention to the plants, it is easy to see whether they are suffering from dust, want of moisture or insects, when the proper remedy can be applied and the plants kept in a healthy state.—*Horticultural.*

Kentucky Blue Grass.—The editor of the Boston Cultivator, who has recently visited Kentucky, says that the famous Blue Grass of that State is not the Blue Grass of the Colonists, but is the "Spear Grass" or "June Grass" of New England. A Mr. Bedford, an old farmer of the Blue-Grass region, gives the following account of the origin of the name and of the grass itself.

It was first discovered growing on a ridge near the Upper Blue Lick, in Bath County, which lies contiguous to, and east of, Bourbon County, where Mr. Clay's farm is—it having originated in that section of country more than fifty years ago. Mr. B. said that "farmers liked the grass so well that they used to go there to get the seed to sow on their pasture lands." Hence coming as it did from the "Blue Lick," it was called "Blue Grass," a name, as applied to that species of grass, purely local at first, and is so still to a considerable extent.

Girdling Grape Vines.—This operation consists in taking out a ring or section of bark (say about an inch wide,) on the fruit-bearing canes. The effect of it is to enlarge the fruit above the girdle, and to give it the color of ripeness ten or more days before the usual time. It is an interesting experiment in vegetable physiology. It furnishes splendid specimens of fruit for horticultural exhibitions. But this is all we can say in its favor. The fruit itself is deteriorated for eating purposes, and clusters exhibited as fair specimens of the fruit, give an untrue idea of it.

Useful Receipts.

Bed Bugs.—If any of your readers need a sure remedy for bed bugs, they can have mine, and cleanse the foulest house of these troublesome vermin without expense. They have only to wash with *salt and water*, filling the cracks where they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bed bugs, and they will not trail through it. I think it preferable to *all* "ointments," and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness.

Milk Lemonade.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with them one gill of lemon juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together and strain it.

Hydrophobia Prevented.—The Progress, of Lyons, mentions a new remedy for the bite of a mad dog discovered by a German veterinary surgeon of Magdeburg, named Hildebrand, by which the painful application of a red hot iron is avoided. This remedy consists in bathing the place bitten with hot water. M. Hildebrand has ascertained by experience that hot water has the effect of decomposing the virus, and, if applied in time, renders cauterization unnecessary. In that case all that is to be done, after well bathing the part, as stated, is to apply a solution of caustic potash to the wound with a brush, and afterwards anoint it with antimony ointment.

Pickling Cucumbers.—As a general thing sufficient care is not taken in pickling cucumbers, and large numbers of them "spoil" in less than three month's time. The following method we think the best: Select a sufficient quantity of the size you prefer, which probably cannot be done at one time. Put them in a stone pot, and pour over them a strong brine; to this add a small bit of alum, to secure the color. Let them stand a week; then exchange the brine for clear water, in which they must remain two or three days. Boil the best cider vinegar, and when nearly cool, pour it over the cucumbers, having previously turned off the water. Prepared in this manner, with the addition of cloves, allspice, mustard, and cinnamon, boiled in the vinegar, pickles of every kind will keep for a year. In pickling cauliflower, tomatoes, and other vegetables, which easily absorb the vinegar, the spiced vinegar should be added when cold.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 17, 10, 1, 3, is a very rare virtue.
My 3, 5, 6, 13, 3, 17, is a hard-fighting general in our army.
My 3, 5, 14, 1, is a point of the compass.
My 4, 11, 10, 3, is one of the numerals.
My 5, 7, 11, 12, 3, is a lady's name.
My 6, 3, 3, has had a very troublesome time of late, we are happy to say.
My 7, 3, 1, 1, 3, 17, 14, is what we are all pleased to receive.
My 8, 18, 7, 3, is a county of Illinois.
My 9, 3, 18, is what sometimes envelopes the Union cause.
My 10, 3, 14, 1, is an article of dress worn by gentlemen.
My 11, is one of the vowels.
My 12, 3, 14, 2, is a very convenient article.
My 13, 11, 6, 12, 3, 17, is a parish of Ireland.
My 14, 3, 4, 3, is an easy seat.
My 15, 17, 3, 18, 18, is a rebel general.
My 16, 16, 3, 7, is a river of Russia.
My 17, 11, 12, 3, is an article of food raised by our Southern brethren (?).
My 18, 16, 6, 7, is a sea-bird.

My whole caused the heart of every true patriot to throb with joy. M. B. B.

Allentown, New Jersey.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 12, 11, is what many young folks do in winter.
My 7, 8, 3, is a large serpent.
My 3, 5, 6, 10, is a waterfowl.
My 9, 8, 13, 5, is what everybody has.

My whole is a most *Beautiful* garment worn by females. R. VASEY, Jr.

Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where southern Europe's blue skies beam,
O'er vine wreath'd hills and flowers gay;
My *first*, a river, rolls its stream,
Thro' scenes of beauty far away.
Oft when disabled in the bay,
Some luckless craft rolls on the wave,
We see a vessel thither stray,
And by my *second*, guide and save.
With Caledonia's slogan flame,
My *third* has rung o'er mount and glen,
A prefix Erin's sons shall claim
Forever in the haunts of men.
My whole, a river named of yore,
By ancient tribes who owned the land,
Now hostile bands are passing o'er,
And deadly conflict dyes the strand.

Baltimore. EMILY.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole when rightly prepared is food for thousands.
Behead me and I am necessary to human existence.
Again, and I tell what we all do.
Again, and I am a preposition.
Curtail me and I head the alphabet.

Ohio. T. C. F.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A had four times as many silver dollars than what B had. If A's number was multiplied by B's number, and the product was divided by the difference of the numbers they had, it was found that the quotient resulting from this operation was $6\frac{1}{4}$ more than the number of dollars B had. Required—the money each had?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a circle is 100, and those circles are inscribed in it whose diameters are to each other as 3, 4, 5; required their respective lengths, and likewise the diameter of the circle inscribed in the space between them.

Baltimore. HENRY EASTWARD.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the burning of Hindoo widows like sweeping chimneys? Ans.—Because it is a *Suttee* business.

☞ "Can you tell me why a lamplighter is like a cowardly soldier?" "No; why?" "Because he fires, and then runs away."

☞ What sort of birds make cool pantaloons? Ans.—Russia ducks.

☞ What American river reminds you of the ancestor of the ape race? Ans.—The Ja*monkey*, to be sure.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Zaphnath Paaneah, which means "a revealer of secrets." RIDDLE—Lightning. If any one can give a better answer, please forward it.—*Ed. Riddler.* CHARADE—Welcome.

Answer to Andrew's PROBLEM published Aug. 8th.—36.935894 feet. D. Diefenbach, E. Hagerty, Ecolier, A. Martin, R. Barto, Sam J. and R. James McBride.

Answer to E. M. Bergstresser's ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published Aug. 8th—3 hours 21 minutes 26 seconds past noon.—Sam J., N. Y., Reuben Barto, Ecolier, E. Hagerty, A. Martin, and Daniel Diefenbach.